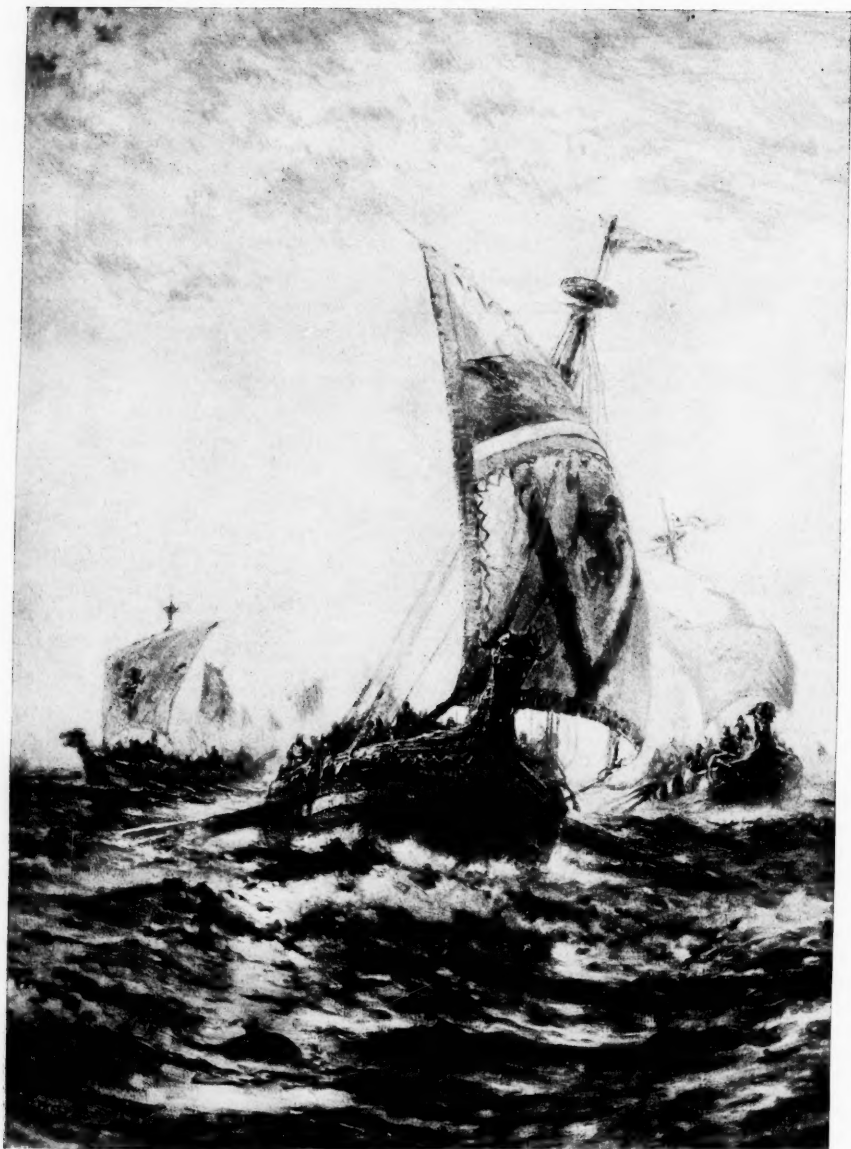




*From painting by Edward Moran.*

<sup>41</sup> LEIF ERICKSON'S EXPEDITION TO AMERICA IN THE YEAR 1001.<sup>42</sup>



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

<sup>41</sup> LEIF ERICKSON'S EXPEDITION TO AMERICA IN THE YEAR 1001.<sup>42</sup>

# The Quarterly Illustrator

Vol. I. April, May, and June, 1893 No. 2

## THE MORAN FAMILY.

BY FRANCES M. BENSON.

*(With previously unpublished illustrations by most of them.)*

"NOBILITY and genius run in families," it is said; but in this country, where titles point to a man's profession instead of his ancestors, genius ranks higher than any mere patent of prefix or possessions, and is the real nobility. One man of arts, letters, or sciences will raise a family from obscurity; two may immortalize it.

The Moran family is the most famous one in this part of the country for the extent and variety of the divine gifts lavished upon it by the custodian of genius. There are sixteen members of

scape, animal, portrait, etchers, and illustrators, these are so near the they are known as the  
It is pretty generally possible for an artist to drudgery of labor is genius, but the Apostles humblest branches of it is on record that his younger days, was house the customary mings, and that he did dreamer, carried a cam- best known out-door continent; and Peter, apprenticeship with a

on stone the foundations of flaming advertisements. Thomas, the student, was the delicate boy, but his later ambition stimulated his strength to such a degree that for thirty years he has averaged twelve and thirteen hours a day of close work, doing—besides his work in color—as much magazine and book illustrating as any living man except Doré.

These four may be called the original Morans. Their wives and sons have kept up the family traditions and extended its numbers by taking up painting



*From an original etching by Stephen J. Ferris.*

"GRANDMA MORAN."

it who are marine, land- and genre painters, and an even dozen of head of their class that "Twelve Apostles."

believed that it is im- be practical; that the beneath the dignity of have not disdained the their calling. Indeed, Edward, the elder, in not above giving a three coats and trim- it well; that John, the era until he became the photographer on the the etcher, served an lithographer, drawing

under the tuition of husband and father, and, with the aid of family criticism, have done wonderfully good work. The severest test for a Moran picture is the family conclave, with its abundance of expert objection, and occasional bit of friendly praise; but in spite of discouragements, there is something in the atmosphere of the Moran studios that insures success.

The original Morans, being musicians as well as artists, invariably married into musical families. One wife has a magnificent voice, another is a superb pianist, and the children have the genuine Moran touch upon stringed instruments. What



*From etching by Peter Moran.*

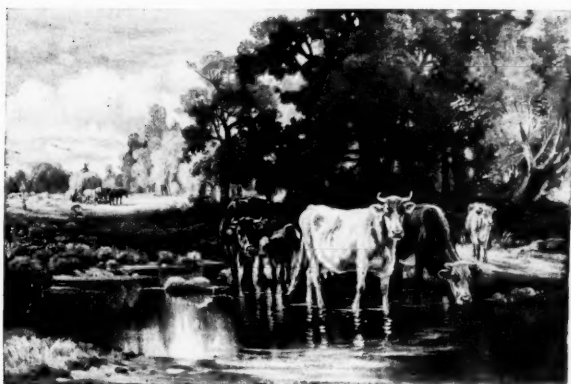
"A SUMMER AFTERNOON."

reunions this versatile family can have! Besides the common meeting ground of pictures and music, there is among them a rare story-teller, brimming over with reminiscences; they have been the world over and brought back trophies and memories exhaustless; they have an intimate acquaintance with books and the makers of them. Most of them have a close knowledge of stage people and appurtenances, and have played in small parts enough to get the inner life of that form of the representation of nature.

It seems very like a poetic dream-life to go into the studios where velvet-coated genius divides its attention between a palette and a pipe. There are luxurious rugs, priceless tapestries, collections of swords, pipes, and musical instruments, with



here and there a gay bit of color or the glint of jewelled glass. You will notice, however, that there are not many divans or lounging places in these workshops. The occupants are toilers to whom the eight-hour system would be a vacation. They have made their way to the front by no freak of fortune, but by constant application. The elder Morans pioneered the way through



*From painting by Peter Moran.*

"SUMMERTIME."

discouragements of poverty and environment; the younger generation, though more favored in the selection of helpful surroundings, have had to work for an individuality that would save them from being considered mere copyists. "That is why we boys have cut loose from the marine and landscape of our fathers and gone in for figures," said one of the cleverest of the sons. "We were constantly hearing about 'second editions' and 'chips of the old block.' People criticised us according to what our fathers accomplished before us, and from the start we were handicapped by the great things expected of us. If our names had been Smith instead of Moran, it would have been vastly easier for us to make ourselves known on our own account."

In spite of the artistic trend of the family, Edward Moran, the leader and teacher of them all, does not believe in heredity; he claims it is all due to circumstances. Back of him, so far as anybody knows, there wasn't even a sign painter. The



*From painting by Peter Moran.*

"PLOUGHING."



*From painting by Paul Nimmo Moran.*

"A SIESTA."

ancestors were handloom weavers in and about Lancashire, England, and the children of each generation grew up in the factories, with lives woven in and out with the woof of the week's work.

Edward was the eldest of fourteen children, and began to be a wage-earner from the time he could reach the web, as was customary in that district. His first lesson in art was from a French neighbor who was famous the country round for decorating the interiors of the modest homes with animals and sprawling vines, when he

was not wheeling potatoes to support his family. He found time to teach the nine-year-old Edward to cut marvellous figures from paper, and afterward to draw the outlines of them on walls and fences. Boylike, Edward did not stop there, but was guilty of tracing them even on the white cloth in his loom. One day, when his piece of cloth came to the measurement by hooking, it was found that fifteen yards had been disfigured with charcoal sketches, and the graceless weaver, instead of being reprimanded as he probably deserved, was dismissed with the advice to drop the shuttle and take up the crayon altogether.

Soon after that the entire family came to America in search of new fortune and less

crowded factories. They settled in Maryland, but the prospect of a continual grind was too much for Edward. There would still be no opportunity to study, nothing to learn but machinery. He did up his belongings in one big red handkerchief, and, with twenty-five cents in his pocket, walked to Philadelphia, begging food as he could by the way. Then came the tug-of-war; with no money, no friends, no trade except the despised one of a factory hand, it was a prolonged struggle between starvation and the determination never to go back to the loom.



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

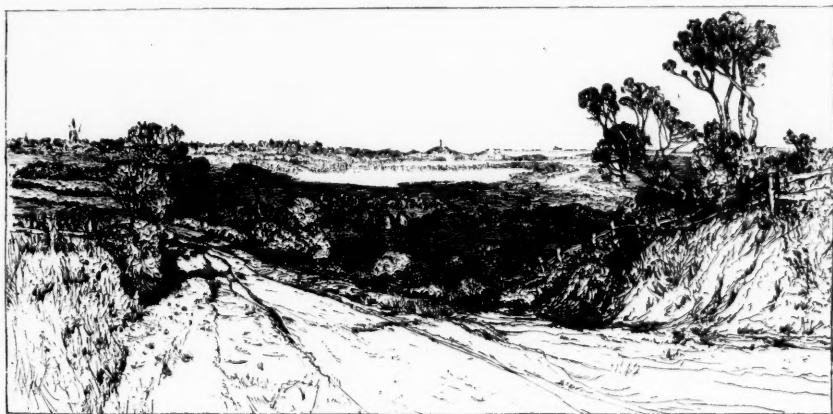
"SEA MELODIES."

He went to work with a cabinet-maker and afterward in a bronzing shop, and to this day the skilful artist is quite at home with the tools of those trades. Give him a glue-pot and a piece of string, and he will accomplish wonders. However, there was no painting in that, and he gave up a comfortable berth to take a job of



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"BELL BUOY."



*From etching by M. Nimmo Moran.*

"A LONG LANE."

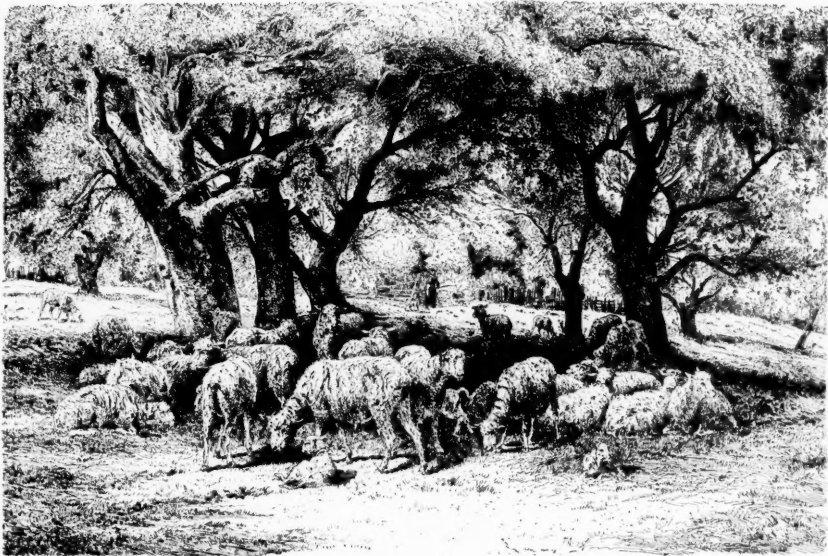
house-painting, believing it to be a step along the line he had marked out for himself. Outdoor work in cold weather with a three-pound brush stiffening in his hands was more than he bargained for, and he finally went back to the factory, where the future painter of some of the grandest ocean scenes of his day was seemingly swallowed up in a superintendent of machinery, at the munificent salary of six dollars a week. It was his business to keep the looms in repair and in action, and if he was smart enough to do that and draw a little besides, he explained to his conscience that he was fulfilling the spirit of the law, if not the letter. One day the proprietor walked in while he was industriously engaged in finishing off a most interesting bit of black and white, and then there was a cool acknowledgment that the artist had been appropriating whole half-hours whenever the superintendent was able to crowd them in, and that he felt perfectly justified in defying man's regulations to make use of the talent the Creator had given him. Strange to say, the proprietor agreed with him; asked permission to call at his little bare room to look over the sketches already made, and finally gave him a letter of introduction to James Hamilton, a Philadelphia artist.

That was really the beginning of the end. Edward opened a studio in an attic room over a cigar store, with an entrance up a back alley, furnished it luxuriously with one chair and a New York Herald to sleep upon, and for three months alternately worked and starved. When he was the hungriest a lithographer asked him if he could draw on stone, and as he would have considered it flying in the face of Providence to acknowledge that he had never seen the stone referred to, he cheerfully accepted the conditions and the position, depending on his mother wit to help him through. He succeeded in earning seventeen dollars before the firm went to pieces, and in the meantime painted two pictures that were purchased by a Philadelphia collector. This gentleman gave him his first commission,



*From etching by M. Nimmo Moran.*

"UNDER THE OAKS."



*From etching by Peter Moran.*

"AN OLD NEW ENGLAND ORCHARD."

agreeing to pay him one hundred dollars for a certain amount of work properly executed.

When the family heard of this turn of fortune, they moved to Philadelphia in order to give the younger boys a chance. One after another they went into Edward's studio, and took their first lessons from the big brother who had been so brave-hearted and persevering, and to this day he is very proud of having started them on careers so successful.

It was in this studio, years after, that the celebrated "Bohemian Council" met once a week. The class was composed of actors, literary men, and musicians, and after rehearsal on Wednesday afternoon such men as Joe Jefferson, Couldock, Louis James, F. F. Mackey, Bishop, and like celebrities visiting Philadelphia, formed a semicircle around the teacher, who for one hour did all the work and all the talking. The first lesson was devoted to putting black and white together in irregular forms, teaching the use of the pigment. Next, each form was turned to account, as the students chose, to show how easily a definite object could be made from indefinite outlines. After that the three primary colors and white were used, then another color added, and so on, until in ten lessons the distinguished gentlemen were turned out full-fledged painters in theory, if not in practice. After each lesson was finished, there was smoking, music, readings, and story-telling until time to adjourn to lunch across the way. Newspaper men reported the witty sayings of the "Bohemian Council," and if the minutes were in existence to-day, they would be eagerly pounced upon by publishers and readers.

There is a very amusing illustration of the grit of the founder of the family, which, it is safe to say, pervades the whole. Edward became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, which received a charter from the State of Pennsylvania,



*From etching by Stephen J. Ferris.*

"THE CONNOISSEUR"—DOMINGO.

and was supposed to encourage home talent. Unfortunately for native artists, some of the directors had made a collection of German pictures, and when the exhibition opened, it was found that these importations filled the line to the exclusion of American artists, whether Academicians or not. Edward decided that he had some privileges as a member, and one of them was to show his contempt for cheap foreign pictures and the collectors of them. Varnishing day came; he had been invited to varnish, and as the committee did not specify the kind of var-



nish to be used, Mr. Moran concluded to varnish his pictures to suit himself. He boiled together beer and bottled porter, adding dry light red until he had two quarts of an opaque liquid that was warranted to tint a canvas a beautiful red, without injuring the colors beneath it. Taking his "varnish" and a ladder



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"NEW YORK, FROM THE BAY."



*From painting by Annette Moran.*

"A STATEN ISLAND STUDY."

provided by the Academy, he went to each of his pictures, carefully obliterated them with the red, and climbed down to view his latest work with a satisfaction that was appalling to the by-standers, who thought him suddenly demented. The sixth picture was hung over an opening where the ladder would not go, so he took a pocket-knife and neatly cut the canvas from the frame.

Of course, there was a bedlam of indignation among the directors, but they decided the

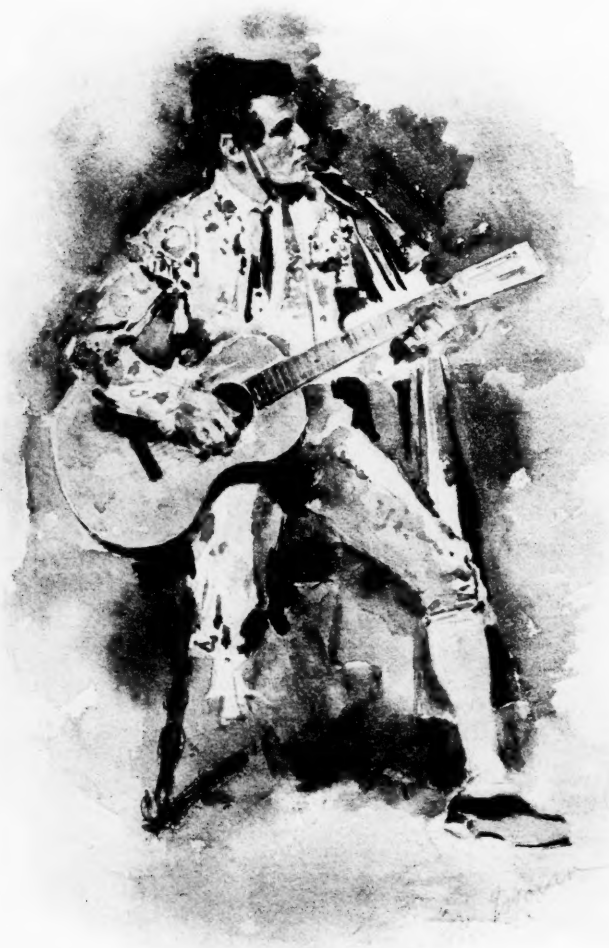
best way to punish the impudent artist was to let the blurred pictures hang throughout the exhibition, placarding them to the effect that the artist had deliberately defaced them after hanging. The daily papers took it up, arguing for or against the American pictures that had been skied: people flocked to see the cause of the commotion and to side with foreign or domestic art, and, after all, the red pictures were the feature of the



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"RIDING OUT A GALE."





*From water-color sketch by Leon Moran.*

"THE MATADOR."

exhibition. The attendance was so large, the directors advertised to keep the exhibition open two weeks longer, but on what was to have been the closing day Edward Moran removed his pictures and let the directors continue the two weeks with the German views. The red canvases were laid on the studio floor, and with a bucket of water and a floor mop their faces were washed clean and bright, apparently none the worse for the unusual treatment. Matthew Baird, an art lover, whose patriotism and sense of justice had been aroused by the controversy, purchased the entire lot, rented prominent windows, and during the two weeks displayed them as "expatriated pictures." It was the best advertisement the artist

ever had, and instead of being crushed by the action of the hanging committee, Moran came out triumphant, richer by far in fame and pocket than when he went into the contest.

He had decided to leave Philadelphia, but before going wanted to show his good will toward the place. The government was asking help for the sufferers of the Franco-Prussian War. Moran gave an exhibition of all his pictures he could get together; got up the first illustrated catalogue printed in this country, drawing the reproductions on stone himself, and gave the proceeds of admission fee and catalogue sale to the fund, besides painting a special picture, called "The Relief



*From painting by Thomas Moran*

"A LONG ISLAND LANDSCAPE."

Ship entering Havre," which the Union League Club purchased for eight hundred dollars.

Annette, the wife of Edward, was a Southern girl who had merely dabbled with paint tubes in boarding-school fashion before she met her husband. Now she is his severest critic and, he says, his ablest one. Some of her landscapes have been reproduced as studies for others, but of recent years she has been content as a home-keeper rather than as an artist.

Percy and Léon, their sons, are the youngest painters of prominence in New York. They work together until it is almost impossible to even pronounce the names separately, and yet there is a striking individuality in the work of each. One delights in figures of modern ladies, and the other in last-century gentlemen.



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"LIFE BOAT GOING TO THE RESCUE."

Both have made a study of early English, French, and American costumes, and are in such demand for historical work that they have little time for anything else. They are conscientious workers, never descending to fantastic catchpenny methods to attract public favor, and with an exquisite use of color combine an unusual grace of motive.

Thomas Moran is the landscape painter of the family, and he is the hardest-working one of the lot. Although not of robust build, his endurance is marvellous, and he may frequently be found in his studio from early morning until midnight. There is not a process of photography, lithographing, or etching, but he is familiar with it, and his experiments since 1860 have been embodied, by request, in a collection of over four hundred pictures, prints, plates, and sketches, which will be exhibited at the Denver Art League as a complete history of the development of an American artist during the last thirty years. For his mastery of the processes, and his exact knowledge of cause and effect in nature, Thomas Moran has been dubbed the "scientist-artist," and his pictures of the Yellowstone are almost authoritative on rock formations and waterways. He does not believe in the merely faithful copying of what the eye sees. For that reason he spends months at a time studying how the hills are builded and the valleys cut away, and then comes home, to paint from memory and the laws of nature, the pictures that have no equal in American landscape.

Mary Nimmo Moran, who is one of the best women etchers in the country, never touched a brush to canvas until she married Thomas; but she found if they were to be congenial she must understand her husband's pursuits. Under his guidance she took up drawing, water-color and oil, and the family, children and all, went off on sketching trips, working out of doors during the long summer months. When Thomas went West for three months' roughing it among the Rockies, he

coated six plates and suggested that his wife try her hand at etching while he was gone. It seemed utterly absurd to her to attempt it in the absence of her teacher, but as he had carefully explained the theory of the use of the point, the least she could do was to put it in practice. No indoor copying for her, though; she took her plates right out of doors, made a little preliminary drawing on paper, and went to work. When the husband returned, he pronounced these plates to be funny-looking things, and two of them not worth putting under acid. The other four were bitten, and there was a good deal of Moran amusement over what the perpetrator was frankly informed were "jolly queer etchings." She did not think much of them herself, but, strange to say, the Society of Painter-Etchers of New York decided them to be of great artistic merit, and on the strength of them elected the lady to membership. Then the same four were sent to the exhibition of Painter-Etchers of London, where they were all well hung, and the committee, supposing M. Nimmo Moran to be a man, voted him—or rather her—into membership with that august body—the first woman admitted to the charmed circle. Since then, Mrs. Moran has done about seventy plates, which have put her in the front rank of New York etchers.

Thomas and Mary Nimmo are perhaps the most noted couple of the family, but their two daughters inherit the talent for music and not for art. The son

Paul has both gifts to a generous degree, being a remarkably fine violinist, one of the best mandolinists in the city, and an artist as well. He has not had the life-long studio-training given his cousins, because his father was afraid of biasing his career, insisting that he would rather his son should be a good bricklayer from choice than a poor artist from influence. In obedience to the parental wish, Paul went about the world searching for an education and a vocation, but finally returned with the conviction that he would rather be a poverty-stricken artist, if need be, than make money in any other profession, and now father and son are working side by side. Paul is essentially a painter of American subjects, believing there is ample opportunity for the native brush in the varying types of different sections.

Peter Moran is the animal painter and etcher. Being the youngest of the original four, he followed the example of his elders,



*From water-color sketch by Percy Moran.*

"WAITING FOR BREAKFAST."



*From water-color sketch by Leon Moran.*

"THE MINUET."



*From water-color sketch by Paul Nimmo Moran.*

"THE SOCIAL COLUMN."

learning lithographing and engraving, but the studio of Edward and Thomas had more attraction for him than the store, and he spent every spare moment making experiments with his brothers' paints. He tried marines with Edward and landscapes with Tom, and soon became convinced that he would succeed in neither. Animals were undoubtedly his forte. He began the study of animal anatomy, and in the meantime earned a living as a scene painter and as an actor of small parts with Mrs. John Drew in the Philadelphia theatre. When he had put by sufficient means for a trip to England, he went over to study the works of Landseer and Constable, with an occasional landscape as a background, and when he returned, received a medal at the Centennial Exhibition for his picture, "The Return of the Herd."

In those days etching was an entirely neglected art, and Peter's collection of fourteen was the only the American department in all the enthusiasm, few have been point than he, over going out with his many views of the he lived for several and Mexicans. He the Philadelphia vice-president of the of painting, etching, the Woman's Art School, keeping up the family reputation for industry.

Peter Moran's wife was one of his best students, but has always been reluctant to enter the public lists. She has done a large number of etchings, noticeable for boldness of line and picturesque effects, but it has been more to keep in touch with her husband than to acquire fame or fortune. Their son Charles, like a true Moran, began making pictures before he was out of his swaddling clothes, and bids fair to become one of the illustrators of the future.



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"HENRY HUDSON."



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"THE PATROL."

one on exhibition in ment. Since then, of the revival of etchmore prolific with the two hundred plates signature, including extreme West, where years among Indians is now president of Society of Etchers, Art Club, and teacher and composition in



*From painting by Edward Moran.*

"SHRIMPERS."

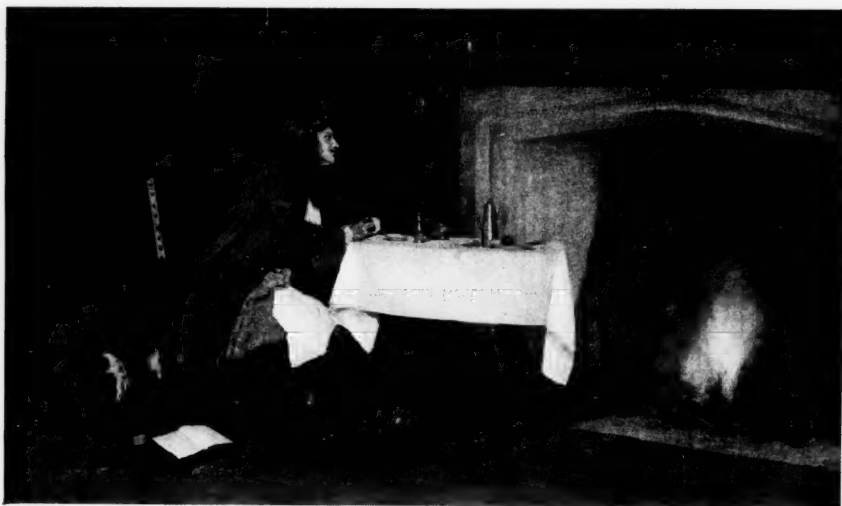
John Moran was the first, and for many years the only artistic landscape photographer in America. He was sent by the government on the expedition to the Isthmus of Darien, and around the globe to Cape Town during the transit of Venus. The family bent was strong in him, however, and he developed into a landscape painter after all. His pictures are rarely seen, because he is

one of those delightfully impractical geniuses one reads about—he is in the world but not of it. His life is bound between book covers, and when he comes in contact with the outside existence, it is as a leaf torn from the binding, fluttering aimlessly in the wind. Of his two sons, Horace is a designer and Sidney an illustrator.

There is one other member of the Moran family who deserves mention, because as a sister of the original four she brought into the family, by marriage, the best portrait painter and etcher in Philadelphia. Elizabeth Moran Ferris has done little herself with brush or pencil, but, as she once expressed it, she has “held the light for husband and son to work by, standing between them and the petty cares of life, that they might pursue their work unhampered.” Stephen J. Ferris, the husband, is equally well known for his portraits in oil or water color; and etchings, both originals and reproductions. Gerome Ferris, the son, is an exceedingly good colorist, with the true artist soul. His figures are the daintiest creations imaginable, and his drawing is strong and free.

Such is a brief outline of the working members of the Moran family.

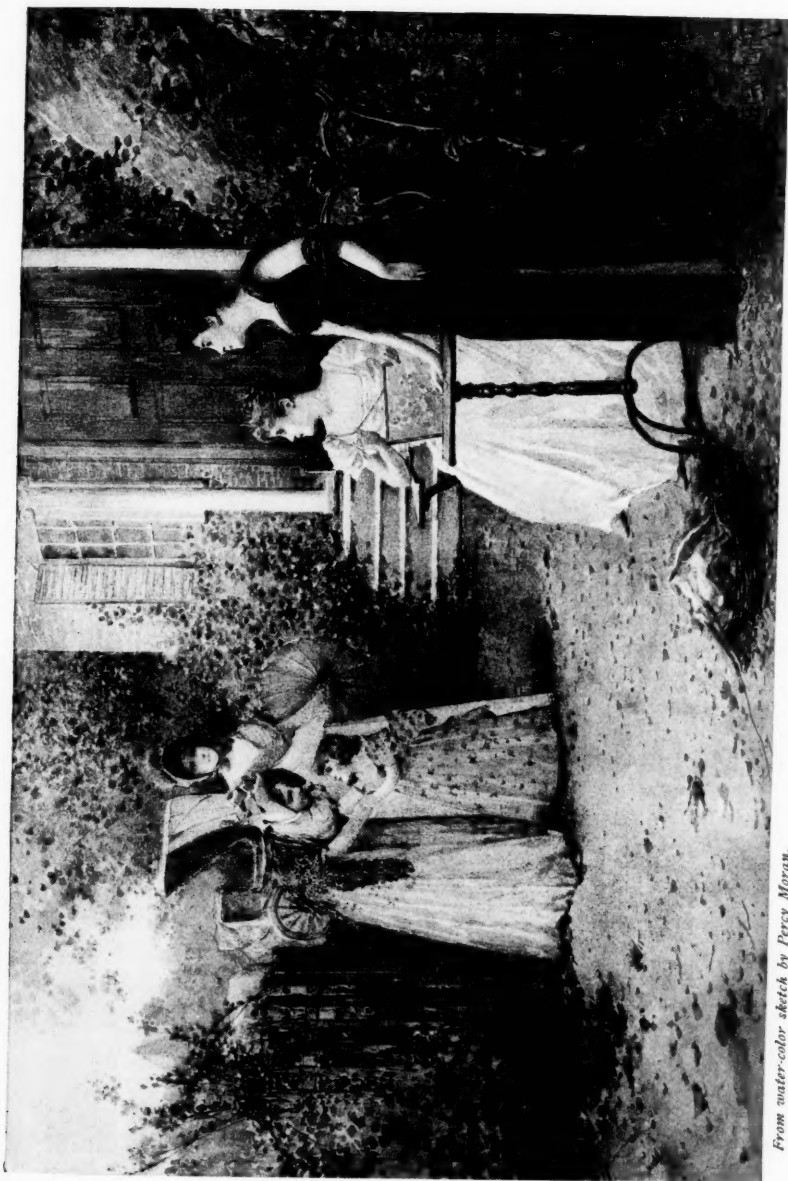
Known chiefly as manipulators of brush and pigment, they are, almost to an individual, practised and original illustrators. In this difficult and exacting branch of art not a few of the Morans have won their first laurels and earned their first dollars. Of the entire family, however, Thomas Moran is the most widely known and most versatile illustrator. Long years ago—in the fifties, to be definite—Thomas Moran, after a fashion of his own, necessarily crude and unsatisfactory at that time, produced effects with metal plates and printing blocks that are to-day, in a more perfect form, in almost universal employment. Mr. Moran's predilection in the graphic arts was—and, indeed, is now, unless mistake has been made—for etching and plain lithography. With the other members of the Moran clan, reproductive work has been confined for the most part to pen-and-ink drawing.



*From painting by Leon Moran.*

“THE BACHELOR'S BREAKFAST.”





*From water-color sketch by Percy Moran.*

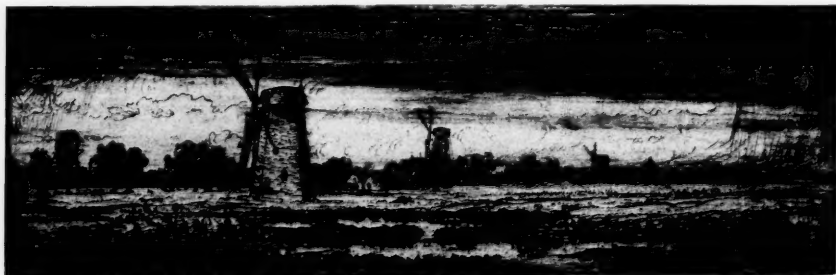
"VISITORS."

Percy and Léon Moran have won great distinction as illustrators, the deftness of their execution and the daintiness of their themes making their work exceptionally attractive to publishers.

What one has to consider in reviewing the achievements of this remarkable family of artists is not so much the vastness of its collective genius as the unceasing industry and enormous production of its individual members. In all the years that the Morans of one branch and another have engaged in artistic performance there has been no discoverable waning of either power or accomplishment on the part of any of them. With the passing of each year the oldest as well as the youngest of this gifted circle of relatives give indications of ripening knowledge and more extended skill. It is as if these Morans were a tribe of hunters who yearly went in quest of precious prey, each of the tribe betaking himself or herself to a section of the land left unexplored, and all returning to a common *rendezvous* at a given time, tumbling their treasures before the delighted eyes of the public, and seeking for themselves so little credit for their pains, that many are led to forget the contented explorers in viewing the outcome of their intelligent exploration.

But to cast off metaphor for lucid facts, let it be noted, in summing up the value of the Moran family to contemporary art, that whatever their failures, their shortcomings, or their fruitless ambitions, they were at no time guilty of insincerity or intolerance for the ways of others. To what extent this breadth of mental view has enabled them, one and all, to attain artistic honor and renown it is not for the writer to assert. That each one of them is deserving of whatever part of beneficent fortune has fallen to his or her lot, cannot be denied by those who know the common geniality, the fresh talent, and the honesty of effort which so strongly characterizes this group of blood-bonded artists. The history of the Moran family is to a great extent the history of American art. That the future æsthetic production of this country will also embrace a long line of Morans is not improbable, and if the Morans of the future are as gifted as those of the present their coming is to be earnestly hoped for.

But, come what may, the work which bears the signature of any of the Morans will unquestionably be worthy of notice and have upon it the thumb-marks of talent. They are a rare company, are these Morans, and what they have done in the past, as well as what they are likely to do in time to come, will at least be individual, if not wholly remarkable. But what commendation could be greater?



*From etching by Emily Moran.*

"WINDMILLS."

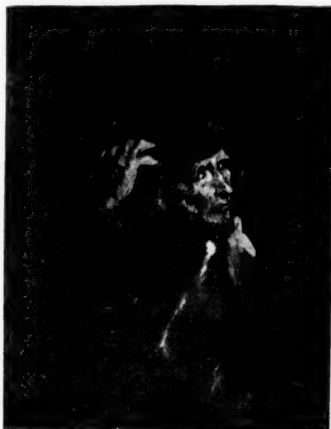
## A DECORATIVE ILLUSTRATOR.

BY PERRITON MAXWELL.

(With original illustrations by George Wharton Edwards.)

SOME months less than thirty years ago there lived and frolicked in the little town of Fairhaven, Connecticut, a bright-eyed, brown-haired youngster who developed, along with a remarkably robust appetite and an equally robust love of fun, a richly dowered fancy for decorating local and dog-houses with charcoal and in the of untutored boy art. happy, no longer exists, tion, his aptitude for ures, and his whole-humor still remain and the person of the man knows to-day as George lustrator, painter, and

About the time that the awful discovery doors and curb-stones borhood of his home period offered a smooth for his budding art—those who would give him ear a complete confession of his innermost desire to wield the artist's brush, live under a roof of glass, and wear a palette on his thumb. It was not very long after this open avowal of his chief ambition that there



"THE STORM."

and a decided penchant barn-doors, well-curbs, the aid of chalk or most approved style The boy, careless and but his brisk imaginalimning pleasing picturesque affection for flourish vigorously in whom the art world Wharton Edwards—il-writer.

young Edwards made that there were no more in the immediate neighborhood which had not at some and tempting medium istry, he tendered to



"SANS CUPID."



"FISHER BOY."

began to appear in the magazines odd bits of illustration, sparkling, strengthful, and wholly new. These drawings gave birth to no little comment in circles of art, and speculation was fired by the query as to who this new man brandishing the name of Edwards could be, and from whence he hailed. Curiosity upon this point was soon appeased. The name of the new-comer appeared with pleasing frequency upon charming sketches in all the foremost periodicals of the day, and now—well, it is quite exceptional if one can pick up an important illustrated magazine at random and fail to find between its covers at least one picture done in line or “wash,” and signed by George Wharton Edwards.

With the sprouting of his first mustache Mr. Edwards came to New York, bringing with him a shrivelled purse and a generous fund of hope for great artistic success. He made decorative designing his specialty at the outset, believing that in this department of practical æsthetics lay the pleasantest and



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS  
CHARACTER SKETCH.



“THE BALLET GIRL.”

most immediate monetary rewards. In this special line he displayed at an early day that rare good taste, that refined feeling for form beauty, and the same acute and subtle imagination which have all along distinguished his work. The effect of this early practice in the department of the decorative has been unmistakably exploited in every one of the artist's serious productions. However irksome may have been these early endeavors, the amount of good it has done Mr. Edwards in an artistic way is quite incalculable, and not to be regretted by those who discern and understand the best that is in his pictorial output. To be sure, his style has changed perceptibly with the passing of the years; there is less floridity and frillment now than in by-gone days, but none



"UNC" REMUS."

of his fellow-illustrators—or brushmen, for the matter of this—has surpassed him in the freshness of his fancy or the gracefulness of his execution.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Edwards that he was not compelled to waste the valuable hours of his youth in a foreign art-school. He would have gained but little from the meagre curriculum of the big Parisian or Munich ateliers. His touch might have become more bold, but then the rare quality of delicacy which we most admire in this man's work would be absent. He handled the draughtsman's tools by a sort of instinct, and by instinct learned to draw. He taught himself how to swim in the great and turbulent sea of art by first plunging into the deepest part of it. His courage and industry have enabled him to keep upon the surface almost from the start.

It was a happy day when the youthful Edwards threw off the shackles of one publisher to work for the whole fraternity of book and magazine makers. The



"OLD SETTLER."

*Society of American Artists. 1891.*

"EARLY MOONRISE."



"A PIECE OF NEWS."

latter were not slow to appreciate the products of his facile pencil. When assured of the sweets of success, he decided to be something of a painter as well as an illustrator of merit. Though to-day illustrative work is Mr. Edwards' prime vocation, painting is to him something more than a mere matter of recreation. Year after year witnesses the completion of at least one notable canvas, to say nothing of a dozen or more breezy water-colors and an occasional pastel. The most pleas-

ing thing about Mr. Edwards' monochromatic pieces is the dash he gets into them; the deftness of his handling and the cunning of his conception, which tickle the fancy and delight the eye. In these accomplishments he reminds us to a certain extent of Louis Leloir, with something of the fruitful fantasy and rich grotesqueries of Doré's earlier period. But in Mr. Edwards' work is that which Leloir never owned, and that which Doré

sought but could not attain—the force of feeling in the first; the knack of linear accuracy in the last. Mr. Edwards' pictorial expression is that of the man who has something to say, and understands how to convey his message with the clearness of graphic speech and the precision of artistic statement.

About ten years ago Mr. Edwards made an unconventional journey in search of the picturesque through Belgium, Holland, England, France, and Spain: a journey that inspired many clever illustrations and a score of brilliant short stories; for be it known of those who are not informed in the matter, that Mr. Edwards is quite as ready and refreshing with his writer's pen as with his artist's brush and pencil.



"BRITTANY PEASANTS, ST. MALO."



"THE SISTERS."





C.W.S.

"BRITTANY PEASANT."

He has since spent three years in Holland and several summers in the less frequented parts of France, to the vast enrichment of his private portfolios and the pages of the periodicals. Among the good things of life that have fallen within the grasp of Mr. Edwards are a luxurious studio, an intense affection for his work, an amiable temperament, and a boxful of medals won by the merit of as many charming pictures. Though still a comparatively young man, he has turned out of hand much



"BRITTANY PEASANT."

that an older artist might claim with pardonable pride. His art is his own.

It remains for the future to reveal whether or not the indications which now point to an exceptionally brilliant career will be fulfilled in Mr. Edwards. To say that his accomplishments up to the present moment have been as notable as they have been praiseworthy does not carry with it the implication that Mr.



"A DUTCH SEWING-GIRL."

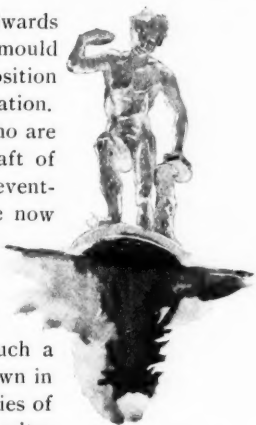
Edwards has not in store for us numerous novel and brilliant picturements. The subjects selected by him are in the main simple in character, though often daring in composition and unique in treatment. But in mentally reviewing all his work I can recall nothing that is not in a cheerful vein; and one owes much to the man who can cast a ray of sunshine from his brush. There is something more definite than mere expectation—something, indeed, that is tantamount to a conviction of greater things to come—springing from an examination of Mr. Edwards' more notable feats in black and white. An illustrator who has the boon of an exuberant imagination and the acquired faculty of abounding artistic skill is lifted much above his professional fellows even in these days of wide-spread talent and manifold endeavors,

and such is the present status of George Wharton Edwards in the thriving kingdom of native art. To men of his mould one may confidently turn for a clear and concise exposition of the best that exists at the moment in American illustration.

It has often been feared, none the less, by those who are at the pains to closely study and analyze the handicraft of Mr. Edwards, that a talent so diversified as is his may eventually lead him from whatever strength of personality he now possesses; that the very charm of his drawings—this charm being definable as unlikeness and novelty of execution—may prove their ultimate unacceptability. While it might be an easy task for Mr. Edwards to unwittingly demolish himself by his own versatility, such a fate is quite unlikely to befall him now, for he has shown in his work of late a jealous regard for certain peculiarities of style denoting clearly his recognition of a possible calamity. The sketches which form an accompaniment to these remarks

very forcibly demonstrate Edwards' artistry. While taining similar results do gest the work of others, ance in their general needs look for Mr. Edwards himself that this and that

The perfect ease with his effect in the sketch of the pleasing *chic* of the

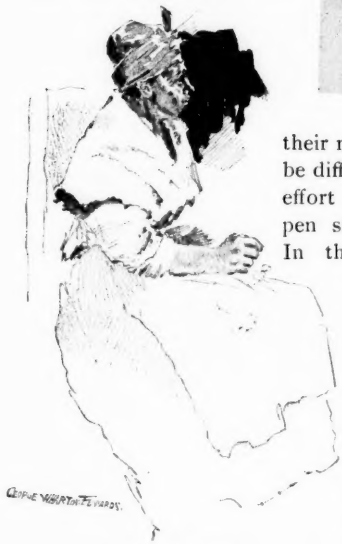


"DANCING FIGURE."



"FAUN."

their maker a man of singular artistic acumen. It would be difficult indeed to get greater expression with slighter effort than Mr. Edwards has done with a few swift pen strokes in his little sketch of "Unc' Remus." In the "Old Settler" the character is much more laboriously obtained, and the whole effect less spontaneous and forceful, but the truth of nature is faithfully recorded. Based on the actualities of nature, Mr. Edwards builds his pictorial themes as Aldrich, Dobson, and Swinburne build their rhymes—fusing with facts that subtle something which, for lack of terms more comprehensive, we call the poetic instinct or a feeling for the finer harmonies of art. No happier union in art can be imagined than that which comes about at long intervals between fancy and fact; it is like the



"AN OLD AUNTIE."



"CHEVALIER SANS PEUR."

marriage of Adonis and the grocer's daughter on the next block.

After all, one can only take what is put forth, and if an artist has done his work with some show of sincerity, he is worthy of the highest praise. A conscientious person is bound to accomplish many creditable things, and when with conscience an artist mixes uncommon natural gifts he befits himself for the most coveted places of his profession. To George Wharton Edwards must be tendered the praise of those who love art for its sake as well as for its utility. He has grasped the lessons, severe and inspiring, taught by art, and has welded to such knowledge the information vouchsafed those only who have battled on the field of commercial affairs. In a phrase, Mr. Edwards has in him those laudable qualities which, rightly cultivated, produce great artists who occasionally are also great men.

The commendable care with which Mr. Edwards turns out of hand his most trifling, as well as his most ambitious picturements, is a fine lesson to tyros. It is not enough for him to paint an important picture with a lavishness of his greatest skill; he is entirely unsatisfied unless he has put in his minor efforts the same consideration, the same solicitude for the general effect of the finished production. Not by this, however, do I mean that his work is labored and overwrought, for the contrary is true; and in the *chic* and airy execution of both his paintings and illustrations lies his main power.



## HISTORY OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

BY HENRY MARTYN.

A HUNDRED and twenty-five thousand subscribers, and acknowledged earnestness of purpose and genuineness of achievement, were the remarkable and encouraging facts that greeted the first number of *The Century*.

It had taken eleven years of unremitting labor to achieve this result. Patient toil and masterly sagacity had been abundantly bestowed on the work. And *The Century*, freed from any influence but that of its projectors, was the outcome—a noble monument to the genius of two sturdy, upright New Englanders.

In 1868 Dr. J. G. Holland, after disposing of his interests in the Springfield Republican, paid a visit to Europe. It may be supposed that the offer of his publishers to take up the editorship of one of their periodicals raised serious questions in his mind, and that he had dwelt upon them largely. For when he fell in with the right man, in the course of his European travels, he gave utterance to his ideas. It is almost a romance, this story of Dr. Holland and Roswell Smith, in Geneva, standing on a bridge that spanned the Rhone, and there debating the means of starting an American magazine—a magazine the distinctive character of which should be its Americanism.

The result of this talk, which is fact not fable, was the establishment of *Scribner's Monthly*, with Dr. Holland as editor and Mr. Smith business manager—both now dead—and with them Mr. Drake as art superintendent and Mr. Gilder managing editor.



*Drawn by Joseph Pennell.*

*From The Century Magazine.*

"A CORNSTALK CABIN."

The times were out of joint with illustration work and American literature, and as a means to business success the long-headed management set about to improve the one and develop the other.

The experiment was costly, for experience as well as good work had to be purchased. It is interesting to note that predictions of failure, of which there were a plenty, were generally based on the idea that there was no room for another magazine. But the new venture soon showed that there was room, lots of it—at the top.

*Scribner's Monthly* commenced its career in 1870. A bold struggle after an ideal began. Again and again we find it asserted editorially that they were striving for an American magazine in the interests of the nation. By 1878 the circulation had reached one hundred thousand. It was decided that no serial stories from other than American pens should be published, and a couple of years later the story of the exclusion of foreign writers from the serial field was told editorially.

Eleven years from the birth of the magazine, business complications and the state of Dr. Holland's health led to the purchase of all the other interests by Mr. Roswell Smith and some of the younger men.

The change was effected by November, 1881, and a magazine appeared bearing that date, having the same business manager, the same editorial force, and the same art director as had Scribner's Monthly, but with the title "The Century Magazine." It had, also, the same subscription list that Scribner's Monthly had.

Thus it was that The Century started with one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers and a splendid reputation. Not a few were the wisecracks who said: "What! Change your name! That will kill it surely!"

In announcing the "new series," as they preferred to call the newly named magazine, after recalling the achievements of the past—wood engraving lifted from mechanicalism to a fine art, and American work pushed to the foremost place; American authorship developed and exploited, at home and abroad, in an unprecedented way, and a glorious national triumph inaugurated—the editor pledged the "new series" to fresh efforts for advancement, and promised to give prominence to popular studies of history, and to the elaborate discussion of practical questions as this field seemed to afford the very best of all magazine material.



*Drawn by Sol Eytinge.*

*From Scribner's Monthly, December, 1870.*

"THE TOOTH-POWDER MAN."



*Drawn by Mary Hailock Foote.*

*From The Century Magazine, November, 1881*

"NOON IN THE CORRIDOR, MEXICAN HOTEL."

The man to whom was due the foundation of the magazine and to whom largely it owed its high character was not permitted to direct the new series. Dr. Holland died a few days after the appearance of the first Century, and to



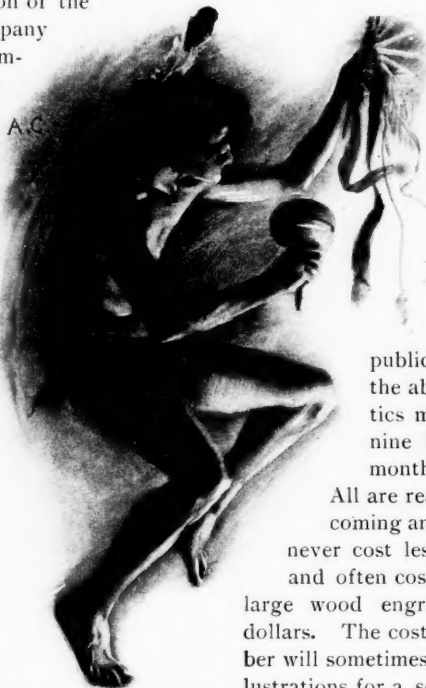
Richard Watson Gilder, the managing editor, was allotted the arduous privilege of conducting it.

The first new feature of the magazine was a frontispiece to every number. Scribner's Monthly had but sparingly indulged in them. In 1882 another novelty, that was to be generally copied, was adopted—that of printing the names of authors with their articles, instead of relegating them to the index, as heretofore.

The Century met with increasing success as the months passed on. In 1885 the circulation, announced editorially, was a quarter of a million; and latterly, during the publication of the American News Company times nearly that num-

ber. It would be useless to sketch. Every The Century now purpose to deal has been the domeditors. There a serious purpose efforts to attain It is with no slight reflect, that the last because the honesty as well as

A few statistics. Eight or received each these are verse. kept of the inMS. Articles a printed page, lars. A single three hundred in a single numdollars. The Siberian papers early days the ilover fifteen hun-



*Drawn by A. Castaigne.  
From The Century Magazine.*

"STUDY OF INDIAN LIFE."

war series, the alone sold at ber.

less to prolong one knows what is. An earnest well by its readers inant desire of its has always been beneath their business success. gratification we success came at

public appreciated the the ability of the effort. tics may prove interest- nine hundred MSS. are month. Three-fifths of

All are read, and a record is coming and outgoing of each never cost less than ten dollars and often cost one hundred dol- large wood engraving often costs dollars. The cost of the illustrations ber will sometimes be eight thousand lustrations for a series like Kennan's cost twenty-five thousand dollars. In lustrations for an issue rarely cost dred dollars.

Much of The Century's fame has come from the able conduct of the art department under Mr. A. W. Drake and Mr. W. Lewis Fraser. The illustrations have been remarkable for their uniform excellence and the carefulness with which the printing has been done. The editorial policy under the presiding genius of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder needs no further comment.

Mr. Frank H. Scott is the president of the company, C. F. Chichester the treasurer, and W. W. Ellsworth secretary. Mr. R. U. Johnson is the associate editor and Mr. C. C. Buel the assistant editor. The last-named gentlemen were the special editors of the War Series. Mr. Drake is still superintendent of the art department, and Mr. Fraser is the art manager.



## A DELINEATOR OF LIFE.

BY PERRITON MAXWELL.

(With original illustrations by Albert B. Wenzell.)



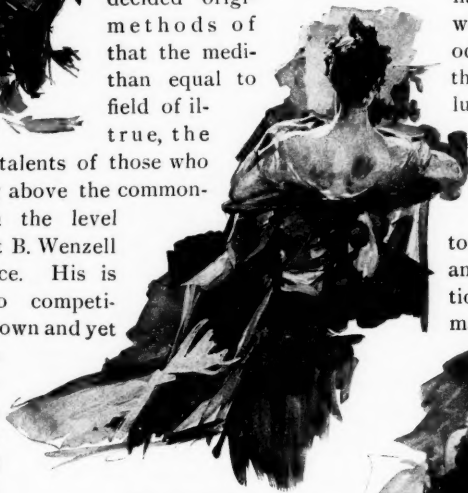
size the talents of those who reaching above the common-

From the level of Albert B. Wenzell and grace. His is fears no competitor his own and yet licitous craftsmanship. His competence of hand and eye

finds nourishment in the poetry, humor, charm, and grace of existing things and persons. His deepest interest lies in modern men and women and their exhibition manners. The woman of society is his especial joy. In her he has discovered a replete vocabulary of the brush and pen, from which he constructs an engaging reading. He happily records for our pleasure the refinements of her manners and surroundings, and this with an infinite skill. Mr. Wenzell has a keen and appreciative eye for a petite woman, or one who is at least well gowned, and can make a handsome man in funereal evening dress appear positively picturesque. We need no extraneous assurance that prettiness and elegance are inevitably part

HARACTER and individuality are no common attributes of current illustrative art. The men whose monochromatic productions may be instantly recognized apart from their signatures are few and far removed in thought from one another. Great as is the output of the pictorial press to-day and lofty as is the standard of picturement in black and white, a mere maniple of illustrators stand conspicuous among their fellows by reason of decided originality of view and pronounced working. It must be granted ocrity of the moment is more the genius of the past in the lustration. But this being fact but serves to emphasize in our hour succeed in place.

of the ordinary, the work towers with pleasing strength an artistic proficiency which tion; he has a distinction makes no great boast of his fe-



"IN THE CONSERVATORY."



"AN UNFINISHED POSE."

and parcel of Mr. Wenzell's personages. We can be very certain that his figures are at all times naturally occupied. Their ways are tinged with the expected affection of consciously beautiful women and consciously clever men; but they do not bring to mind the professional posturers of the studio, who are graceful (in their hired robes) at fifty cents per hour.

Mr. Wenzell may be most aptly described as a conscientious historian of American polite society; a chronicler who fixes facts with pigment and draughting pen. He is a reflector of drawing-room episodes, trifling perhaps in the light of intrinsic meaning, but wholly agreeable in their sparkling execution, in their suggestiveness of gayety and good living; in their effect of many colors conjured from a simple palette of black and white.

Schooled in Munich, Mr. Wenzell is naturally prone to solid methods of brush manipulation. He has apparently rid himself of the less commendable traits of German art and teaching, and holds to that which may be logically proven good. There is more gladness in his heart over the successful drawing of a woman's back

"A PHILOSOPHER FROM RURALVILLE."

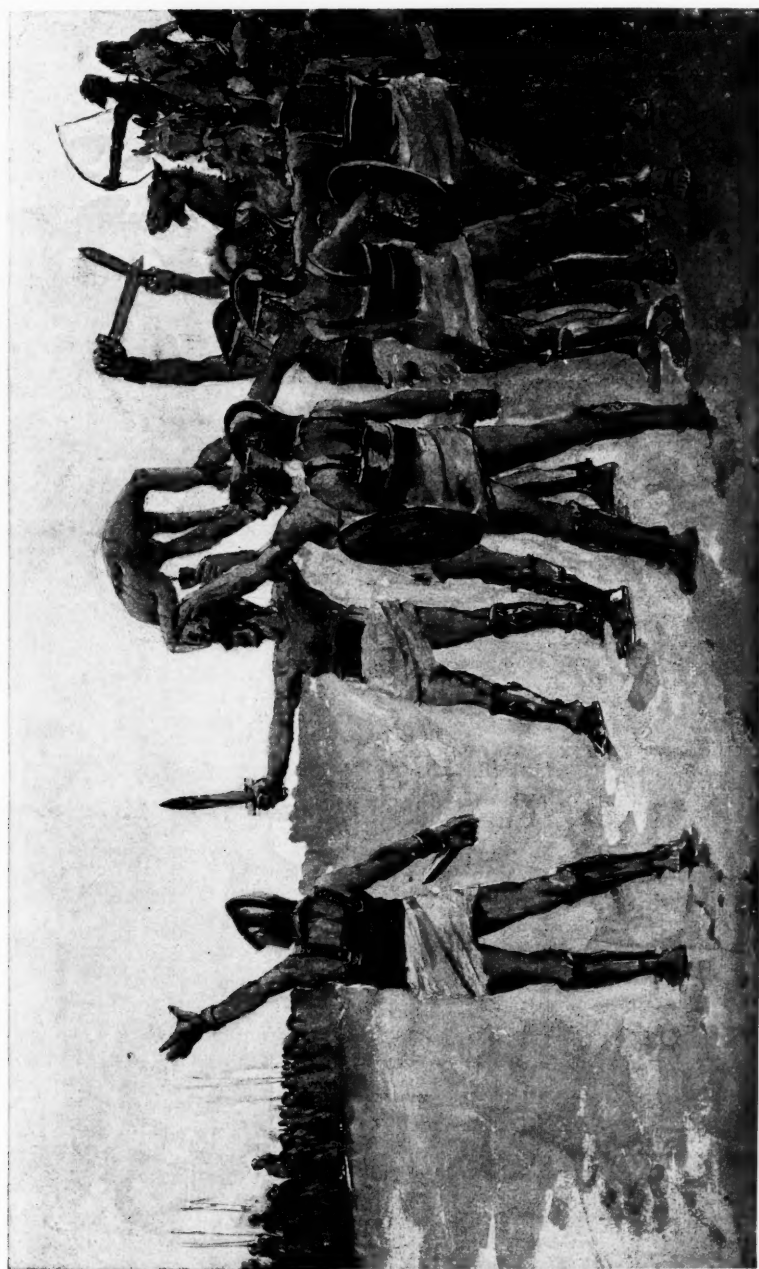
hair, the rigidly creased trousers of a carpet knight, a Renaissance scroll or a Louis XV. screen, than in the making of twenty lofty themes foreign to his accepted sphere of art. It gives Mr. Wenzell an exquisite pleasure to note the sheen of a silken skirt, the curve of a well-proportioned arm, the soft, white shoulders of a healthy woman, and the mirrored blaze of a hundred waxen candles. There is a sort of ravishment for him in gilt-legged chairs and silver-ornamented divans; his fondness for the long thin shadows thrown on highly polished floors asserts itself continually. His drawings are like pictured panels ingeniously inlaid with jewels.

Personally considered, Albert B. Wenzell is



"REFLECTION."





*Drawn by Albert B. Wenzel.*

“A COMPOSITION STUDY.”

frank in manner, courteous, considerate, and broad-minded. He is somewhat above the medium stature, has the bearing of a man of the world, is on the sunny side of thirty, and lives in Flushing, L. I. Mr. Wenzell was born in



"AN UNFINISHED POSE."

Detroit, Mich., and left there at an early age to study under various masters in Munich. His most notable work has graced the pages of *Life*, though many recent and very excellent drawings have appeared in *The Century*, *The Cosmopolitan*, and *Godey's Magazine*.

produced from colored originals. As an illustrator Mr. Wenzell is highly distinguished, and this distinction has come through painstaking, thoughtful effort. This offers rare encouragement for his future as a painter pure and simple. As it is, Albert B. Wenzell is an artist to whom we may confidently look for the upholding of the best principles and highest aims of the illustrators' ever-enlarging profession, and one in whom those who recognize art as an essential factor of life find many just reasons for pride.

Interrogating nature at every stroke, recording the brighter realities of easy life, indefatigably courting the true, the bright, and the graceful, it is not to be questioned that his work has vastly influenced the man and formed his thought to a cordial way of viewing things. Despite the fact that Mr. Wenzell works almost entirely in monochrome, his color sense is deeply developed. Of late many of the brilliant pictures of this artist seen in the magazines have been re-

With a style which, if not absolutely unique, is, however, wholly of himself, and a future prospect in his art that might reasonably be coveted by many of his confrères, Mr. Wenzell is advanced well along that great highway which leads to the city of success.



"LISTENING."

## THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE QUARTER.

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

"I KNOW," said Steele in the Spectator, "a way to be greater than any man. If he has worth in him I can rejoice in his superiority to me, and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me." This thought could proceed but from a candid and generous spirit, and is for one to emulate in this paper. To which, since I am got into quotation, give me leave to add the saying of another old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife, who came into the room in a passion and threw over the table with its feast. "Everyone," says he, "has his calamity, and he is a happy man who has no greater than this." Now, while this may not be apropos of the writing of this little essay, let me get about the business of it without more ado and without any affectation of being wiser than my fellows.

Technically considered, the "guache" drawings of Jo Pennell in the December Century, illustrating his talented wife's paper "To Gipsyland," are of much interest to the artist. They seem to have been done with much ease and bravura,



*Drawn by H. Siddons Mowbray.*



*From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1892, Harper & Bros.*



"NOURMADEE."

but when studied closely one is forced to the conclusion that the detail of the grouping is photographic. However this may be, they are successful as far as they go, and remarkably so coming from an artist whom one is accustomed to associate with architectural work and landscape.

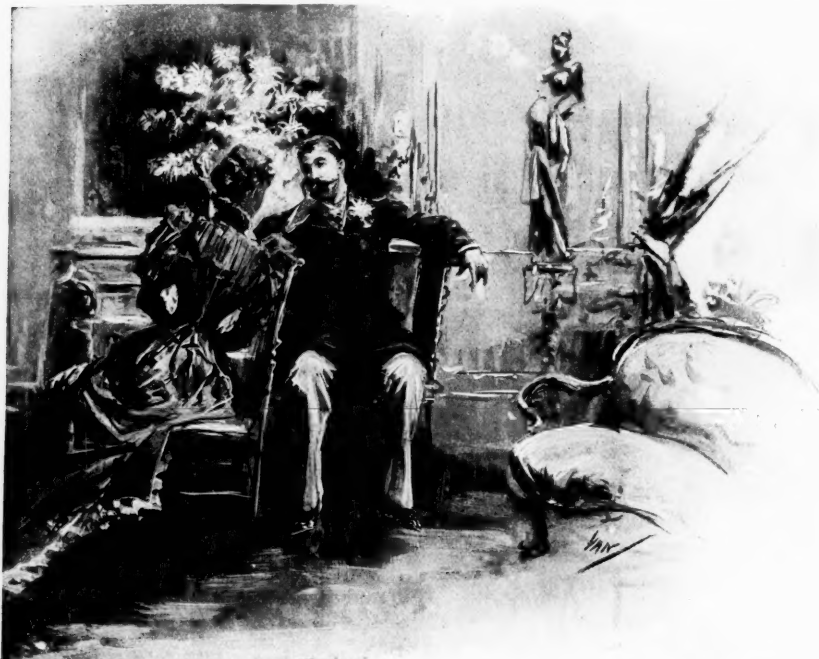
Robert Blum, now returned from two years among the Japanese, appears to advantage in a fine drawing of Ristori (1880), interpreted by T. Cole, The Century's master engraver, and there are characteristic examples of the work of Albert E. Sterner, whose technic has lately evolved a most charming quality all his own. W. T. Smedley in a full page reproduced by process, and Irving R. Wiles has a well-characterized "Choir"; F. V. Dumond, "A Madonna"; Abbot H. Thayer, a "Virgin Enthroned"; F. W. Mielatz and T. R. Manley (a new name to us),



*Drawn by W. A. McCullough.*

*From Life.*

"A CALLER."



*Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.*

*From Life.*

"A QUESTION OF WINNING HER."

reproductions of etchings; and C. D. Gibson illustrates characteristically and fashionably well Mrs. Harrison's "Sweet Bells out of Tune."

Harper's bulky Christmas number of the Magazine opens with a weird drawing by E. A. Abbey, which strikes one uncomfortably at first sight, but upon reading the story and recurring to the drawing, one cannot but admire the literary quality which Mr. Abbey has succeeded in giving to it, and which somehow recalls his earlier work upon Herrick's poems, as yet unsurpassed.

Mr. F. V. Dumond decorates Miss Guiney's "Triste Noël" in a reminiscent manner and quite successfully, and Howard Pyle, one of the strongest and most individual of contemporary American illustrators, appears in four well-conceived drawings. There are two by C. S. Reinhart, whose performances are very even and workmanlike. Whether in pen and ink or wash, Mr. Reinhart is eminently at his ease, accomplished draughtsman that he is.

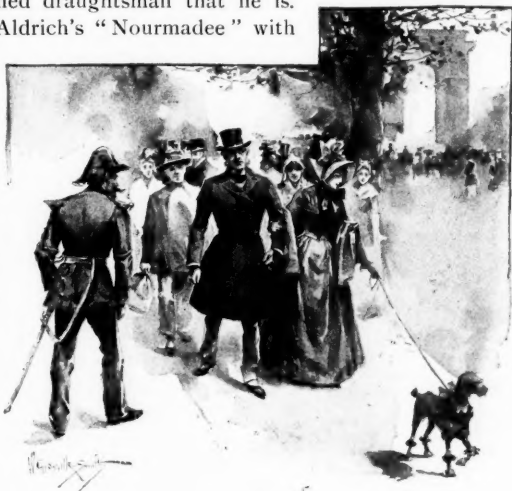
Mr. Mowbray embellishes Aldrich's "Nourmadée" with four delicate drawings; one would say, without having seen the drawings, that they were painted in oil monochrome, and they are quite successful in their way.

One always turns to Mr. A. B. Frost's work with interest, his types are so individual and so entirely hand in hand with the author; illustrations they are, pure and simple, free from affectation of technic and pose, and of equal value to the reader and artist. Frederick Remington has a large, and, for him, somewhat empty drawing. One admires Mr. Remington's work because of its absolutely brutal truthfulness, and no one can do what he does so well. His method is simple and tart.

Mr. W. T. Smedley's work always answers one's expectations, which is saying much in a few words. Whether it be in gouache or crayon, his style is all his own, and a very good style it is, too.

The December Scribner's opens with a colored frontispiece, upon which feature we will not dwell. The most important work in the number is upon the decoration of the Exhibition at Chicago, and gives Messrs. Robert Reid, G. W. Maynard, J. Alden Wier, E. E. Simmons, Kenyon Cox, W. Shirlaw, J. Carroll Beckwith, C. S. Reinhart, E. H. Blashfield, and W. L. Dodge magnificent opportunities to show the world their capabilities.

Mr. Simmons' figure, "Forging," is strongly reminiscent, but well drawn and dignified. The hypercritical might say that the head of Mr. Robert Reid's emblematic figure of the Textile Arts is too small. Mr. Maynard has done his "Autumn" in his usual manner, which is well adapted to the Pompeiian style.



Drawn by W. Granville Smith.

From Godey's Magazine.

"THE PROMENADE."



*Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.**"WAITING."**From Life.*

Mr. Wier's "Needlework" is just what one would ask from his brush. The "Telephone," by J. Carroll Beckwith, is rather successful; the idea is a good one, but one wonders whether the figure is standing or seated.

"Decoration," by Mr. Reinhart, is capital, simple, graceful, and eminently well drawn. Mr. Blashfield's "Armorer's Craft" is dramatic and well conceived, but why the wings?

The figures by Mr. Dodge, the youngest man among the above group, are strong and virile in treatment and conception; and Mr. Shirlaw's original "Pearl" would never be attributed to any one else, so individual is his work.

There are some borders to a poem by F. G. Attwood, who seems to enjoy his work.

Who, by the way, is C. M. S., who signs a pretty headpiece for "Miss Latymer," and why does he, or she, not receive credit on the table of contents?

Mr. Low's "Narcissus" is a fine piece of work that fittingly represents the talent of the artist, who doubtless knows just why he did not allow the flowers to be reflected in the water. The "Lillith," by Kenyon Cox, has a fine decorative quality, and one must admire the masterly manner in which he has managed the figures in the composition at the foot of the page.

The beautiful full-page drawing, by Mr. A. E. Sterner, which accompanies "La Grande Demoiselle," is the first American drawing in the January Century. Mr. Sterner's art is growing in quality, and places him in the front rank of American illustrators. This is in pure wash and simple in its management.

Mr. A. B. Wenzell has some of his happy society drawings, in which appear people who seem familiar to us. And one must thank Mr. Wenzell for having made them so. His ladies and gentlemen are always well bred, graceful, and act well their different parts—which is surely saying a great deal.

F. S. Church, in *The Cosmopolitan* for December, furnishes some of his customary fantasies to illustrate a poem by Bliss Carman; they are reproduced by the half-tone process. Dan Beard has some clever drawings in pen and ink and wash.

A. B. Wenzell illustrates Henry James' "Wheel of Time" in his clean-cut, satisfactory manner; and Alice Barber Stephens, whose work one always admires for its honesty, has two drawings. The rest of the work is mainly from photographs.

In the January number of this magazine are some vigorous, if hardly successful, drawings by a new man, E. J. Austen, who gives promise of future good work. These, with some portraits by Gribayedoff and Goodman, some decorative



*Drawn by Will Phillip Hooper.  
From Demorest's Monthly.  
"THE SEVEN VALENTINES."*



*Drawn by J. H. Gates.*

"AN AFTERNOON TEA."

*From Life.*

borders by Beard, and drawings by the writer, constitute the art features of the number.

Outing for December, as usual with this magazine, depends largely upon the photograph for its illustration, but Mr. A. Hencke puts forth his best efforts in a vigorous full page in gouache. In the January holiday number Mr. Hy. Watson is



*Drawn by George Varian.*

"THE LAST OF THE OLD YEAR."

*From The Illustrated American.*

exploited, together with Mr. Hencke, Mr. Watson's "Marine" being by far the best drawing one has yet seen from his hand. The number is bright pictorially.

An interesting study, alike to the student or the layman, is a comparison of the different styles of the illustrators under discussion, without considering, of course, the petty imitators of each of the successful men.



*Drawn by A. B. Frost.  
From Harper's Magazine.  
Copyright, 1893, Harper & Bros.  
"BILLINGTON'S VALENTINE."*

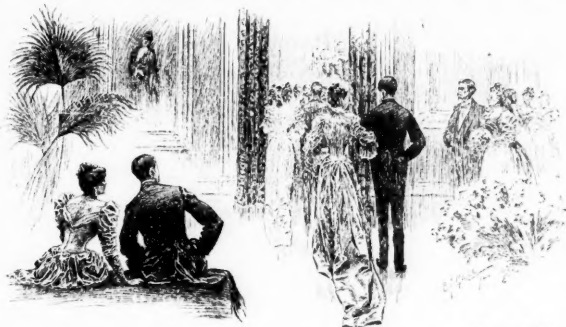
too bright, however. No doubt this will be an attraction to some of its readers, but the writer feels that color is beyond the province of the illustrated magazine; at least at present, and in this country. In France they are able to surmount the obstacle of crudity from which we suffer, for the reason that both pressmen and color-mixers are artists in their way. The writer knows of a little shop in the Rue St. Antoine, in Paris, where etchings are printed for the artists, in which each of the "provers" has studied art in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Would that such were the conditions here in New York! Meanwhile, let me say that Mr. W. Granville Smith is a clever man, for whose future one has sincere hopes. His little drawings interspersed throughout the text are often quite charming.

Miss Eleanor E. Greateorex illustrates her own article, on "Christmas in Paris," in a snappy manner; the drawings are in wash, and quite freely done.

Mr. Smedley admi-

A man's style is himself. What that deeper self is, which is to be expressed by his style, can never be reached in any other way than by the most assiduous cultivation of such powers as he has at his command. This is a labor which can be performed by none other than the artist himself. But it is precisely the sort of labor of which one is apt to be impatient. Hence the tendency to resort to the rules and theories of others, as mechanically learned as they were primarily mechanically conceived.

Godey's for January opens with a colored frontispiece, a fashion which seems to be growing with certain of the magazines. The effect is moderately good; the colors seem a little



*Drawn by C. J. Budd.*

"IN THE ANTE-ROOM."

*From Life.*



*Drawn by Fred B. Schell.*

*From Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

"CAVE OF THE WINDS, NIAGARA FALLS."

rably ornaments the opening pages of Harper's for January with his drawings for Julian Ralph's article on "The Old Way to Dixie"; his work represents a wide range, from gouache to several sorts of pen-and-ink work, each fine in its way, and of interest to the artist. C. D. Gibson has some strong work in pen and ink, with good realization of character; and Mr. T. De Thulstrup shows us some graceful court scenes in which we can believe. Mr. C. S. Reinhart's drawing of the "Mother and Child" for the "Rejected Manuscript" is just right; and Mr. Remington's Russian sketches show a marked improvement over his former methods. They are very well characterized. In the "Editor's Study" Mr. Carleton shows some charming little drawings; and, finally, Mr. Frost gives us pleasure in his character drawing for the "Drawer."

One had almost missed saying a good word for Mr. F. O. Small's work, which shows care, thought, and earnestness.

Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, in an admirable lecture upon illustration, has called attention to the fact that the early masters of painting were really the first illustrators. At first this seems startling, but when one reflects, its truth is evident.

Art grew out of the attempt, which began not long after Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire, to convey a knowledge of the historical facts

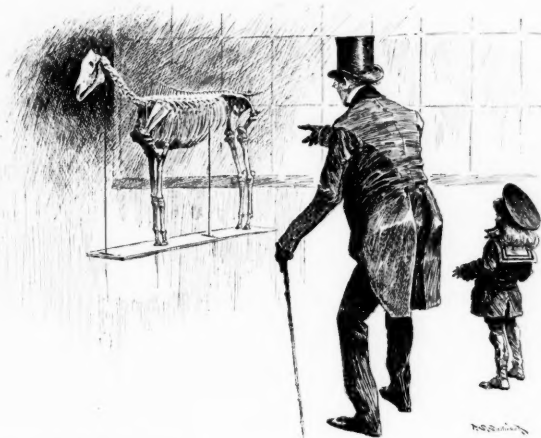
of the Bible to the illiterate mass of the common people by means of pictures in the churches. From Byzantium this custom passed over to Italy, and for a long time painting in the West continued to follow not only the same subjects, but also the same traditional forms and typical modes of treating those subjects which had been received from the Eastern Empire. The Florentine Giotto, a contemporary of Dante, is said to



*Drawn by Wilson De Mesa.*

*From The Cosmopolitan.*

"HELEN, WOULD YOU MAKE A GREAT SACRIFICE FOR ME?"



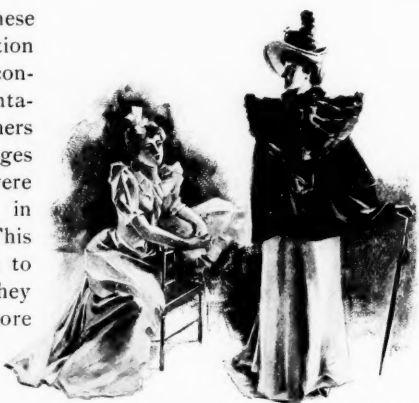
*Drawn by T. S. Sullivan.*

*From Life.*

"WHY, GRANDPA, IT'S A FIFTH AVENUE STAGE HORSE!"



have been the first to break through these restraints, and to introduce a free imitation of nature. The art, however, was still confined for the most part to the representation of religious subjects; gradually others were introduced; events and personages belonging to more modern times were thought unworthy of being admitted in connection with those of the church. This led to portrait painting; and from this to the illustration of profane books (as they were called, in contradistinction to more holy works) was an easy step. Nothing has been done, however, since the period of the fifteenth and sixteenth century which can be compared for power, truth, and dignity of thought to the works of the great masters of those extraordinary times. Painting had not as yet stepped down from the dignity of its original calling to minister to the petty whims and caprices of a vulgar luxury. It fulfilled its aim in that period of history. It is doubtful if an age like it will ever return. Meanwhile, our space will not permit us to wander from the subject in hand; but let us say that the spirit of an age



*Drawn by C. H. Provost.*

*From Life.*

"A LAST WORD."

cannot always be fairly estimated by those who lived in it. To after-times is reserved the power and the privilege of sifting the grain from the chaff, and of fully perceiving and enjoying the best things of the past. We who live in these days, comparatively unpropitious as they are to the highest efforts of productive genius, may prize and enjoy those great works, and still be contented perhaps with the appointment which thus secures to us all the ennobling influences of the arts, without any of the necessary evils which, in the days of their palmy vigor and greatest fertility, but too often accompanied them.

E. O. Abbey's "Malvolio," in the February Harper, interferes somewhat with one's preconceived ideas of the character, and it would appear as if his intentions were somewhat frustrated by the tint which underlies the drawing.



*Drawn by F. O. Small.*

*From The Ladies' Home Journal.*

"GOSSIP."

In some instances, doubtless, the tint is of value, but this does not seem to be one of them; the pen-and-ink drawings are more satisfactory; but these are good enough company for a leisure hour, and if one be pleasantly entertained, one should not dissect the intentions of his host. Mr. Abbey is not subservient to the traditions of Shakespearian scholars. He cares more for the essence of veracity in his drawing—the *faire vrai*, as the French put it. But be it this way or that, long may Mr. Abbey's graceful art be spared to us.

Mr. Smedley is as satisfactory as ever in his New Orleans drawings, and from Mr. Remington we have a strong picture of a half-breed hanging by the heel from the side of a cliff—one of the strongest and best pieces of work which this artist has shown; it seems to have been painted in oil monochrome.

Mr. Reinhart's full page is well characterized as usual, and altogether pleasing, but Mr. Thulstrup's large drawing, "Marry the King," has been evidently injured in the translation.

The *Cosmopolitan* for February has some careful drawings from Wilson de Meza, an artist who illustrates a story of his own. The number of artists who have essayed the fellow-craft is becoming quite large. latest. The art of ingly difficult one, many things, and do



Drawn by Charles Howard Johnson.

From *Life*.

"FINANCE AND MATRIMONY."



Drawn by G. A. Traver.

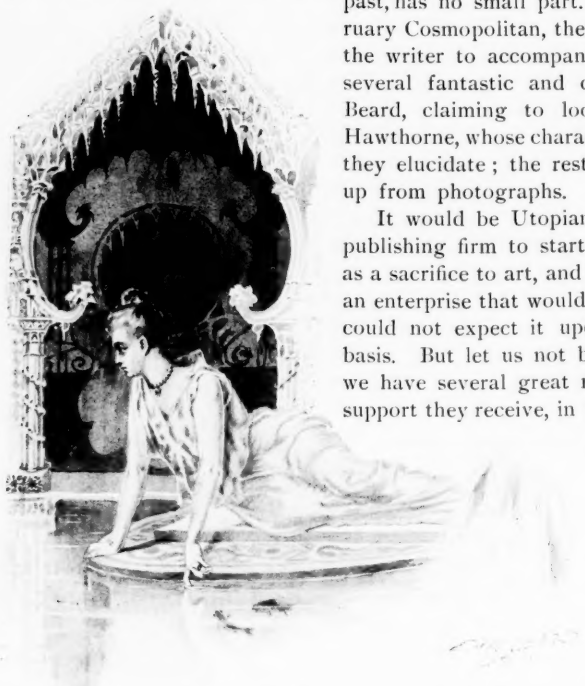
From *The Illustrated American*.

"A STRANGE BIT OF MOTHERHOOD."

Mr. de Meza is, perhaps, the the illustrator is an exceed- he is supposed to know so so many things well. The painter pure and simple is content with three or four pictures a year— indeed, applauds his accomplishments; but how much more credit should be given to the illustrator who often is forced by exigencies to accomplish the same number of pictures in a week, with, perhaps, more difficult compositions at that, and all in black and white:

he cannot conceal his defective drawing by charm of color, nor, in the case of pen and ink, can he hide his poor drawing by vague and hazy strokes. Thus one is often amused at the careless air with which such an one, unsuccessful at an attempt upon an Academy

jury, saith: "I think I'll knock off some illustrating for the magazines." Misguided soul! One would like to be present at the interview with the art editor to whom he shows his pitiful portfolio of nudes and what not. To him, saith the art editor I have in mind: "Take a story which has appeared in the magazine, and illustrate it anew from your own ideas." Lo! he is never seen in the sanctum again—*verbum sap.* The illustrator's art requires a special training, in which a



Drawn by Dan Beard. From Godey's Magazine.

"LESBIA MADE NO REPLY."



Drawn by Victor Perard.

From The New York Ledger.

"THE FURIOUS ANIMAL HAD NO CHANCE WITH HIM."

knowledge of current thought and literature, as well as a grounding in that of the past, has no small part. To return to the February *Cosmopolitan*, there are some drawings by the writer to accompany a Japanese story, and several fantastic and clever cartoons by Dan Beard, claiming to look forward with Julian Hawthorne, whose characteristically written story they elucidate; the rest of the number is made up from photographs.

It would be Utopian generosity for a great publishing firm to start an illustrated magazine as a sacrifice to art, and to surpass the world in an enterprise that would not pay dividends; one could not expect it upon the present business basis. But let us not beg the question. Here we have several great magazines, which, by the support they receive, in turn are giving the most

magnificent opportunities, and paying for them, too, most generously, to the artists. Is it not true that these magazines have created a school of illustration which may yet serve, and perhaps has already served, as a model for the world? For good art always



*Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.*

*From Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1892, Harper & Bros.*

"BRIDE AND GROOM."

pays, and who knows but that we have only begun in the art which is to give birth to the illustrated magazine of the future? It is a constant source of surprise that this country has so much talent and ability and power of high achievement, so here is the fruit of the enterprise that founded these great magazines, visible in the large number of publications which to-day are advertised as illustrated.

This is a fine age for ability of any sort. If a man has something worthy to



*Drawn by Hy. S. Watson.*

*From Outing.*

"THE SWORD FISH SUNNING ITSELF ON THE SURFACE."

offer, he achieves an instantaneous success. The public does not tolerate mediocrity in any walk of life, and yet less than one hundred years ago Shelley was "beating in the void his ineffectual wings"; and a little earlier the great Johnson walked Fleet Street in London, hungry, and dreaming of the patronage he was destined not to receive. To-day our poets live in comfort, nay, luxury, and our painters condescendingly receive society in spacious studios, the appointments of which rival the splendors at the Cluny Musée.

A large number of illustrations by the very best men are found in *St. Nicholas*. This magazine uses many pen-and-ink drawings, and for the student there is no better instructor in this class of work. It is indeed more difficult (the writer speaks from knowledge) to make acceptable drawings for it than for the more mature monthlies, for the reason that it is demanded by its conductors that its illustrations, while possessing strongly the art quality, shall plainly



Drawn by Eleanor E.  
Greotorex.  
From *Godey's Magazine*.  
"CHRISTMAS IN PARIS."



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

From *Harper's Young People*. Copyright, 1893, Harper & Bros.

"TEDDY, DO YOU KNOW HOW THIS HORSE CAME HERE?"

illustrate the author's meaning.

This dual quality renders the drawings doubly valuable and the number of men possessing the requisite ability consequently small. What an array of talent is disclosed by the table of contents! Such liberality upon the part of the publishers is, of course, the response to the demand which they themselves have created.

R. B. Birch, whose work is rarely seen outside of the pages of *St. Nicholas*, is an imaginative, and, in his particular line of thought, accomplished





*Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.*

*From Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1892, Harper & Bros.*

"ON THE CIRCULAR BACK PORCH OF THE WHITE HOUSE."

illustrator. He particularly excels in depicting child life; his children are always graceful, and while at times he is somewhat careless in drawing, one is disposed to forgive these shortcomings in view of the sentiment and charm of his work. Mr. Birch, it has been said, is almost as much the creator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as the author of the story; indeed, when the production was staged, the tableaux were arranged after the artist's drawings. The technic of Mr. Birch's drawings is simple, direct, and always effective.

Henry Sandham, Bridgeman, C. Mente, Irving R. Wiles, and Howard Pyle, to

mention but a few, are the names one finds signed to some of the more successful drawings in *Wide Awake*. Miss Lisbeth Cummins also contributes occasionally a pretty conceit, in which the idea is often charmingly carried out. The fine quality of the work of Mr. Wiles has been commented upon in an earlier part of this paper. Mr. Henry Sandham is an indefatigable worker. Whether in oil, water color, pen and ink, or any other medium, he is seemingly at his ease. He excels, perhaps, in composition, and in the rapidity and skill with which he accomplishes his results.

In *Harper's Weekly* Mr. Zogbaum's well-conceived and, one is sure, correct drawings of



Drawn by Eleanor E. Greatorex. From *Godey's Magazine*.

"A BRETON FISHERMAN."



Drawn by Lee Woodward Zeigler.

"A POINTED REFUSAL."

the "Bumboat Woman," "Launching the Boat," and other marine and military subjects, are interesting.

W. H. Hyde shows examples of the work to which he has accustomed us, careful and technically his own, and W. A. Rogers and Edward Penfield (one of their art editors) are strongly represented, as is A. B. Frost. Howard Pyle has a fine colonial picture, called "Stopping the Christmas Stage"; F. S. Church disarms criticism by his unique ornithological fantasies, which are of equal value whether in black and white or color; and there are pictures,

from *Life*.

each good in its way, by C. Mente, Charles Broughton, T. de Thulstrup, Frederic Remington, Louis Loeb, W. T. Smedley, C. Carleton, H. D. Nichols, C. Graham, A. C. Redwood, F. V. Dumond, C. S. Reinhart, O. Herford, A. Hencke, and F. H. Schell.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly published a fine Christmas number, with drawings by Wenzell, B. West Clinedinst (who also drew the illuminated Christmas cover), Miss G. A. Davis, Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, and D. Smith. Elsewhere appear drawings by E. J. Meeker, V. Gribayedoff, Hughson Hawley, G. M. Stone, S. W. Stanton, W. L. Sheppard, of a popular character, and generally quite strong in treatment. This weekly furnishes occasionally a quasi-colored front-page drawing, in which the tints are often quite effectively and attractively printed.



Drawn by Dan Smith.

From Frank Leslie's Weekly.

"TAMING A MAN-EATING ZEBRA."



Drawn by P. Newell

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1893, Harper & Bros.

"THEIR FIRST BOX OF PARLOR MATCHES."

Harper's Bazar, a fashionable artistic publication, is generally happy in its art features. While it uses the work of American draughtsmen, it depends mainly upon French and English publications for its full pages. In it we find such names as F. V. Dumond, Francis Day, T. de Thulstrup, C. H. Johnson, F. O. Small, W. H. Hyde, C. Carleton, A. E. Sterner, and a clever quarter page by Hy. Sandham. Each of these papers adds much to the enjoyment of the lover of good drawing, and they have done no little good in the cause of art. What encouragement they may in future render to the coming development may be



*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.*

"CHRISTMAS TIME IN FRONT OF NEW CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA."

*From Frank Leslie's Weekly.*



*Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.*

"A SOCIAL EVENING."

*From Life.*



*Drawn by E. M. Ashe. From Harper's Bazar.  
Copyright, 1892, Harper & Bros.*

"WILL YOU TAKE MY HAND?"

easily anticipated by a reference to the work already shown, and they are in the march with our best accomplishments in the arts.

The names of Charles H. Johnson and A. B. Wenzell are seen very often in Truth. Mr. Johnson is a very versatile man, an astonishingly versatile man, who gets his effects easily with gouache, and in the main draws well. Of Mr. Wenzell's art one finds it difficult to speak except in the highest praise for the sort of work in which he excels; one does not remember to have seen his work in any medium save gouache.

Edward Penfield, Mrs. Alice Barber

Stephens, and a host of other well-known names are found in Harper's Young People. Mr. Penfield excels in the depiction of boys—the sort of boys we all know, full of fun and ready for anything; his drawing is generally made in wash. The quaint conceits of Katherine Pyle—rhymes and decorations which seem to have been taken from the old-time almanacs, so genuine is their flavor—are also seen. Miss Pyle's work strongly resembles that of her talented brother in the freedom and facility of execution which she shows.

Mrs. Stephens, on the other hand, excels in drawing lovable girls, graceful, pretty, and always illustrating clearly the author's meaning, a quality seldom met with save in the papers and magazines especially printed for the young people. Mr. W. A.



Drawn by T. V. Chominski. From *Life*.  
"A WINTER'S DAY."



Drawn by F. O. Small. From *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

"DISCUSSING HIS MERITS."

Rogers' work is too well known to need more than passing mention; he seems equally at home in pen and ink, pencil, or wash, but one sees his work oftenest in the first-named medium.

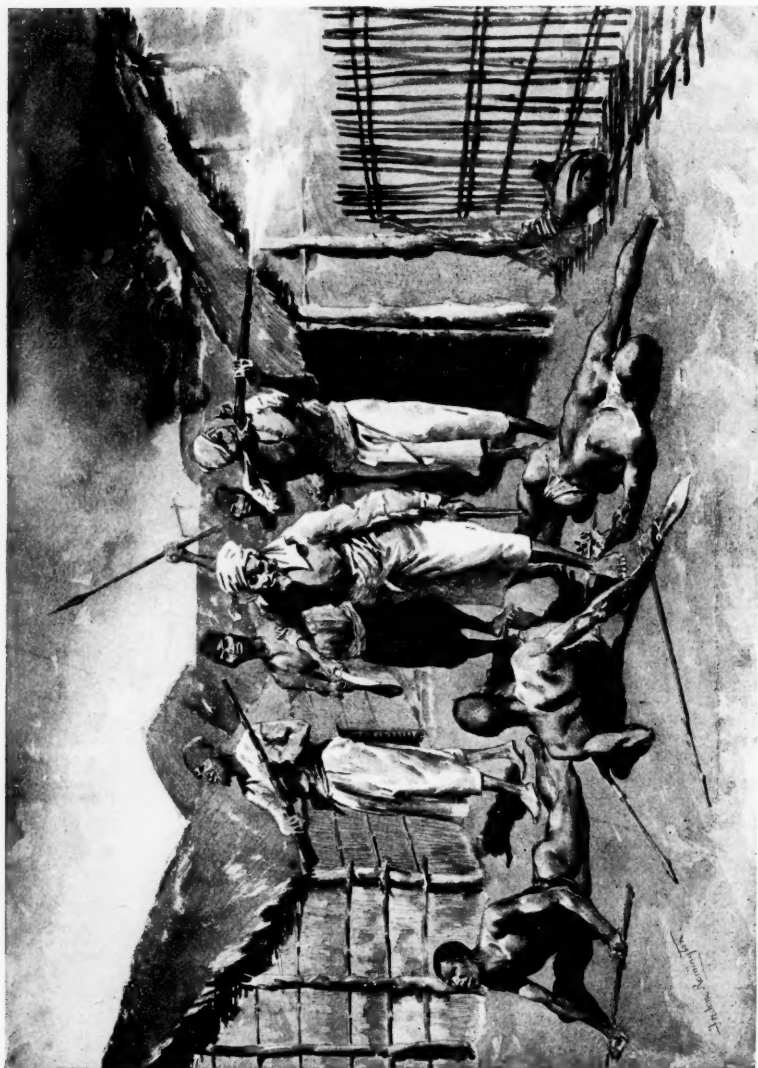
G. Varian, who inferentially shows that he is capable of good work, and G. M. Traver are names that are signed frequently to drawings in the *Illustrated American*. It is evident that both of these men work under considera-



Drawn by B. West  
Clinedinst.  
From *Frank Leslie's Weekly*.

"A PORTRAIT."





*Drawn by Frederic Remington.*

*From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1893, Harper & Bros.*

"CAPTURING SLAVES."

ble pressure, but often this is a strong factor in the equipment of the illustrator pure and simple, and the quality of future work from men who acquire their art under such difficulties is worthy of careful consideration. These men seem to work equally well in wash, crayon, or pen and ink, and always with a knowledge of the capability of the mediums.

Such names as H. M. Eaton, W. A. McCullough, W. B. Davis, V. Perard, and H. C. Edwards are generally seen in the pages of the Ledger. Mr. Perard is a facile workman, whose knowledge is constantly increasing, and whose work consequently gains in quality. He works generally in pure wash, and one looks forward to his future with interest.

Mr. Howard Pyle occasionally contributes some of his masterly drawings and decorations.

Mr. H. S. Mowbray has drawn a handsome

title for Vogue, in which paper is found the drawings of Mr. H. McVickar, whose work

is of a curious original quality, and all his own; other drawings are signed A. B. Wenzell, L. Vallet, M. O. Kobbe, Francis Day (whose work is quite agreeable), and Gaston Moury, who clothe their figures in the latest fashionable garments, and render them in pen and ink, gouache, and several other mediums. Wood engraving, except in the title, is not used.

There is a charm about Life, an aroma all its own, a quality as distinct from any other publication as if it were alone among magazines. It has made a place for itself upon our library tables, and what a void would be there if Life were not. It is with a real pleasure that one opens the pages replete with good drawings, to say nothing of the inferential character of its wit. To Life we owe the graceful art of C. D. Gibson and A. B. Wenzell, and one

REINHART 52



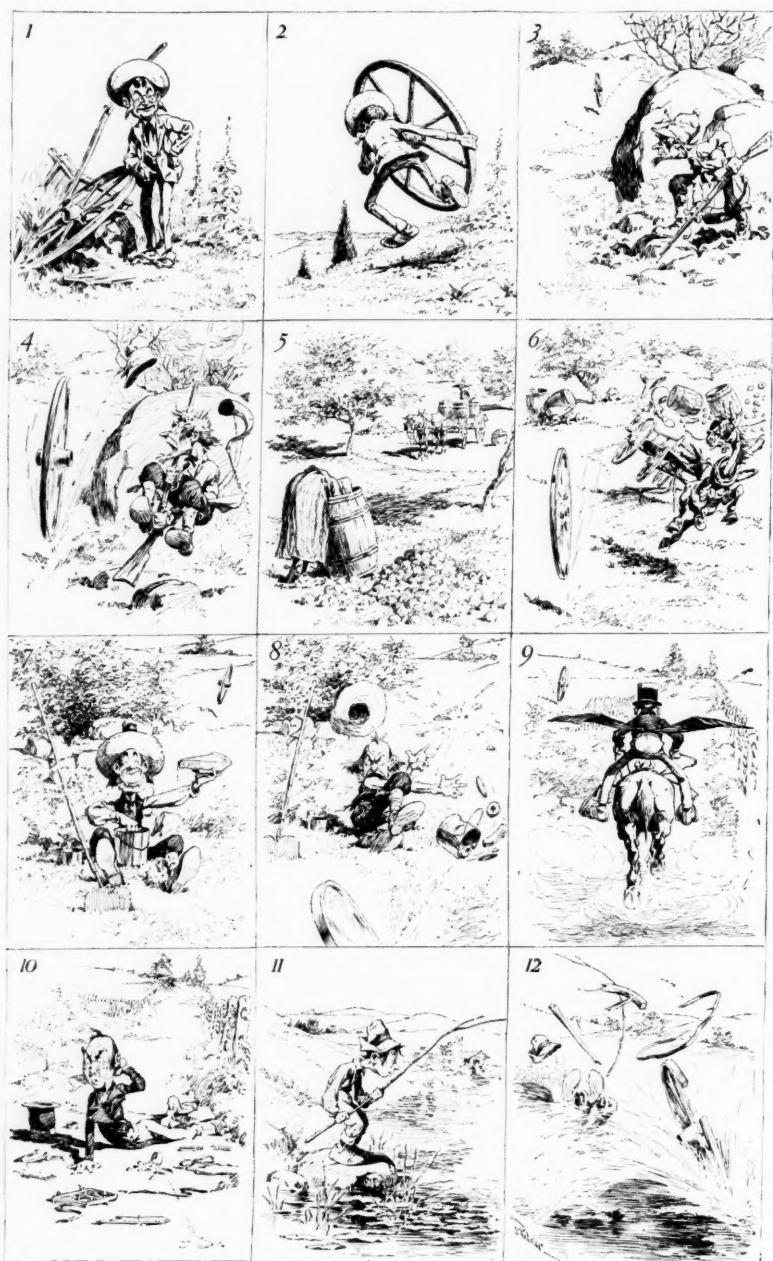
Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.  
From Harper's Weekly. Copyright,  
1892, Harper & Bros.

"THE SHOPKEEPER."



Drawn by W. Granville Smith.  
From Godey's Magazine.

"THE NEXT MORNING HE INVITED HER TO GO  
FISHING."



*Drawn by H. M. Wilder.*

*From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1893, Harper & Bros.*

*"ADVENTURES OF A CART WHEEL."*

can think of no other publication which has the same charm and freshness of quality.

Herein, besides the work of the two men already mentioned, we find examples by W. A. Rogers, M. A. Woolf, F. T. Richards, T. S. Sullivan, Frank P. Bellew (Chip), E. H. Dangerfield, Van Schaik, C. H. Prevost, E. Pollak, C. J. Budd, C. H. Johnson (of whose work one knows hardly what to say, so elusive are the several styles in which he works), O. Herford, Lee Woodward Zeigler, H. D. Blashfield, Brown, J. H. Gates, and F. M. Howarth. Mr. Van Schaik's technique is a curious one: his style is very loose, and he cares more



*Drawn by Wilson De Meza.*

*From Life.*

"THE HONEST MAN."

for the final effect of the drawing than for the quality of draughtsmanship, but we will not quarrel with him for this fault, if fault it really is, in his case. Mr. De Meza has an occasional drawing in his usual style, but *Life* really depends upon Mr. C. D. Gibson, whose fad-attacking double pages are one of *Life's* attractions. We notice a pretty little drawing by A. McVickar in the number for January 12, done in wash, and very well done it is, too.

One is almost deluged each month with the pictorial profusion of the magazines. There is a healthy strife among the publishers of the great periodicals for artistic supremacy in their individual journals, and the battle is watched with interest and encour-



*Drawn by Georgie A. Davis. From Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

"A NOVEL RACE ON THE SHREWSBURY."

aged on all occasions by the great army of illustrators. Only the best is wanted in literature and art in these days, and the struggle brought about by high ambition and an intelligent demand has raised the standard of American illustrative art above that of any other country.

And now I cannot find a more fitting ending to this little paper than the lines of the immortal Wordsworth :

" Words have something told  
More than the pencil can, and verily  
More than is needed, but the precious art  
Forgives their interference."



*Drawn by A. McVickar.*

*From Life.*

" A CUP OF TEA."



*Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.*

*From The Cosmopolitan.*

" HE HAD TO STOP SHORT TO PERMIT THE PASSAGE OF A CARRIAGE."



*Drawn by Maria Brooks.*

"MAKING FRIENDS."



*Drawn by Maria Brooks.*

"PINK SLIPPERS."



## ART NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

THE retrospective exhibition of the Society of American Artists was opened to the public in the new building of the Fine Arts Society in December. The exhibition consisted of works by the members, and some etchings and prints belonging to Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. The paintings and statuary filled the two larger galleries, the principal one of which is in all respects the finest gallery in the city. The society was formed in 1877, and the work shown represented the best efforts of the members since that date. The society includes a large proportion of the strongest and most progressive of our younger painters and sculptors. It was a happy thought, this retrospective exhibition, for it gave those pessimistic persons who find pleasure in decrying the work done in these days an effective quietus. True, we have many painters here in America, but there are artists among them, and of these we are justly proud.

The landscape men whose work was on view carried things well, in the impressionistic manner. They are enthusiastic over the getting of values in certain new ways, and they have almost succeeded in inducing one to believe in their way of "seeing" nature—almost, but not quite.

There were Mr. Twachtman's large, interesting, and badly hung landscape; Mr. Bunker's "Neglected Corner"; some good flower pieces by the women members. Mr. Wier's portrait of the "Young Man with a Gun," and his "Early Moonrise in Summer," in the new manner which he has adopted; Mr. Theodore Robinson's pretty girls, and his "Winter Landscape"; Mr. Homer Martin's "Old Manor"; Mr. Cox's "Flying Shadows"; Mr. Hassam's "Snowstorm," one of his cleverly handled street scenes; Mr. La Farge's "Fog Blowing in from the Sea," and his pre-Raphaelite "Study at Newport," with sheep and lambs disporting themselves; and Mr. Eakin's "Mending the Net," are all interesting, very diverse in method, and both thoughtful and artful.

Then there are the figure painters: Mr. Whistler's "Anglo-Japanese Ladies," pleasant persons well painted; Mr. Walker's "Pandora," Mr. La Farge's "Venus Anadyomene," and the late William Hunt's "Boy and Butterfly," Mr. Blashfield's more or less happy and huge "Christmas Bells," Mr. Dewing's "Prelude," and Mr. Wier's mystical "Open Book."

Of the work of the sculptors there are good examples of Mr. French, whose "Angel of Death and the Sculptor" is reminiscent; Mr. Warner's portrait bust of the painter J. Alden Wier, Mr. St. Gaudens' bust of the late General Sherman, and Mr. MacMonnies' "Diana," and the altogether charming "Faun" of Mr. Louis St. Gaudens. The desire has been expressed that it might be perpetuated in some more lasting material than plaster, and set up in one of the parks of the city. In retrospection the gain is entirely in the matter of technique; of great thought there is none, nor are the present tendencies at all in that direction. But the exhibition satisfies one that our painters, as far as handicraft goes, are very near the realization of the highest standard of European excellence, which position, attained as it has been in fifteen years, is surely incomparable.

The Water Color Club, the youngest and by no means the weakest of the art organizations, opened an artistically successful exhibition of water colors, at the

Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, in December. The little sketches of Mr. George H. Clements call for specific mention, and one wishes for the necessary space. There were pictures by Ben Foster, George Wharton Edwards, Clara McChesney, Mrs. Van Houten Mesday, J. H. Sharp, Sarah C. Sears, Childe Hassam, and others, to mention which would be to enumerate almost all the successful best known painters in the city.

Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, has been awarded the contract for an equestrian statue of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, which is to be erected at Gettysburg. It is said that the sculptor will receive twenty-two thousand dollars for his work.

Mrs. Whitman, a Boston artist, whose work is favorably received here and highly appreciated in Boston, gave a small exhibition of her talents at the Avery Gallery in December. There were book covers, pastels, portraits, and water-color drawings, all very well worth study. Her decorative work is pleasing, but her portraits are somewhat heavy in handling and dark from the use of bitumen. Some of the Bahama studies were agreeable, in well-conceived tones of gray and violet.

Several of the late A. H. Wyant's poetic landscapes were shown at Richards' Gallery in November. They are refined in tone, of good composition, and unforced sentiment. Mr. Wyant's talent and accomplishment were very even, and his death is a loss to American art.

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's gift to the American Fine Arts Society, of the magnificent gallery costing one hundred thousand dollars, will, it is hoped, stimulate others of our wealthy men to like generosity. The gallery is modelled after that of Georges Petit in the Rue Sièze in Paris. There is still a heavy debt of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the property of the society.

Mr. Frederic Remington, well known as an illustrator, gave an exhibition of his work in color, at the American Art Gallery, which was followed by an auction sale in which good prices were obtained. Mr. Remington is a clever man and deserves his many successes.

Mr. Bryson Burroughs, the young man who won last year the first prize founded by Mr. J. Armstrong Chanler, sent back some of his drawings and paintings which were shown at the Art Students' League on January 7th. The exhibit was highly praised by MM. J. J. Gerome, Puvis de Chavannes, Benjamin Constant, and Carolus Duran, the Paris Committee, and was highly enjoyed by the pupils of the League, and others.

There was an exhibition of pre-Raphaelite pictures by Rossetti, Burne Jones, Ford Madox Browne, Blake, and others at the Century Club, most of the paintings belonging to Mr. Samuel Bancroft, Jr.; the "Beata Beatrix," to Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago; the water colors by Rossetti, to Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and Blake's curious "Elijah," to Mr. John S. Ingalls. This exhibition afforded New Yorkers the happy opportunity of seeing the works of the pre-Raphaelite painters hung together.

Mr. Brush's charming "Mother and Child," recently shown at the Union League Club, has been purchased by Mr. Montgomery Sears, of Boston, who also

owns Mr. Thayer's large "Madonna Enthroned," which achieved a success at the Society of American Artists' exhibition last year.

Mr. William H. Low's fine decorative canvas for the ceiling of the new Waldorf Hotel has, owing to a mistake in the measurement, suffered much in being cut down to its proper size. There was, it is said, an error of some twelve inches around its whole length.

Mr. William A. Coffin, a fluent writer upon art matters and a painter of individuality, gave a small exhibition of his pictures at the Avery Galleries. His "The Rain" is a fine rendering of a drenched, gloomy gray landscape, with a charm of color all his own. In the other pictures, nature was rendered in a variety of aspects with considerable skill.

At an auction sale of paintings by European and American artists, collected by the late Samuel Schwartz, a picture by Jennie Brownscombe brought two hundred and twenty-five dollars; for the others, bidding was slow and poor prices prevailed.

It is said that one may find on the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee the same sort of subjects that Millet painted at Barbizon: blue clothing, sabots, and the rudest of farming implements. Here is an opportunity for some of our young men.

The Grolier Club gave an exhibition of engraved portraits by Faithorne, and there was on view a copy of the bronze medallion portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne by Ringel d'Illzach, which is to be the next publication by the club.

At the exhibition of the Union League Club, "The Mandolin Player," by H. W. Watrous, and Louis Moeller's "Explanation" attracted much attention, and were very favorably received.

The American Art Association hung their galleries with the three collections of the late Charles J. Osborn, the late Edwin Thorne, and Mr. E. S. Chapin. The collection was a mixed one, decidedly so, and some of the pictures in it were trash; but there are others, and the number is by no means small, which are excellent specimens of an art which was in vogue ere the beauties of the Barbizon school were appreciated by our collectors.

Of this art, we saw such exponents as MM. Lefebvre, De Neuville, Detaille, Munkacsy, Bouguereau, and Gerome. These men still have their followers, who are not to be persuaded away by other beauties they know not of. As for M. Munkacsy, his star does not seem to be in the ascendant just now.

One is surprised to see again the large portrait of the painter and wife in his studio, which was one of Mr. Osborn's star pictures, and to note the change in its color—indeed, the loss of color—from, one would say, the admixture of bitumen in which this artist believes; its brilliancy has vanished, and there remains but the effect of the brilliant technique, the bravura, which happily cannot be marred by any chemical deterioration.

The work, apart from this, commands one's admiration, and leads but to regret that the artist should have been so short-sighted and impatient for the tone that only time can give. The principal picture in the Thorne Collection was the "Oriental Carpet Merchant," by Gerome, which shows the artist at his best, and in it

he has worked out a successful scheme of composition and color, mosaic in its quality.

Of Detaille, and his friendly rival De Neuville, now dead, there were some representative pictures, and there were, besides, a head by Couture, a Venetian scene by Rico, an example of the Polish painter Kowalski, some amusing conceits by Casanova, Flamang, Leloir, and Delort, a water-color by G. H. Boughton, and a marine by W. T. Richards. There were some four hundred numbers in the catalogue of Bronzes, Porcelains, Ivories, and Bric-à-brac, which were interesting, but for the mention of which we lack space.

There was an interesting exhibition of a number of statues and groups in marble and bronze by Gaetano Russo, the designer and sculptor of the Columbus monument, at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms in the early part of February. At the auction sale which followed, the sales amounted to four thousand six hundred and five dollars; the largest price received was five hundred and sixty-five dollars, for the "Bathing Woman."

A miscellaneous exhibition of pictures was held at the Union League Club on February 9th. It was the first effort of the new Art Committee.

The Loan Exhibition of the Fine Arts Society opened in the middle of February. There were pictures by Rembrandt, De Hooghe, Rigaud, and Velasquez, and pictures of the English school were loaned by Mr. W. H. Fuller and Mrs. Blodgett.

Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence loaned his magnificent Barye bronzes, over one hundred in number, and there were the beautiful Tanagra figures belonging to Mr. Altman and Mr. T. B. Clark. Mr. C. D. French sent his colossal model of the Statue of the Republic at Chicago. The rest of the exhibition included tapestries, arms, ceramics, fans, laces, miniatures, and enamels.

Mr. Arthur Parton and Mr. Seymour J. Guy, both National Academicians, hung the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries with some of their representative pictures. Mr. Parton is a good colorist, and his pictures leave a pleasant memory with one. Mr. Guy's fine draughtsmanship condones the sentimentality and prettiness of his subjects, which prettiness is the attraction to those who care most for the story-telling quality in which Mr. Guy excels.

The St. James Gazette applauds our huge new Columbian stamps in the highest terms, points to the excellence of the workmanship, and calls attention to the "degraded character" of the color and engraving of the new British issue.

The sales of the first week at the Water Color Society Exhibition amounted to twelve thousand and eighty-five dollars for one hundred and fourteen pictures.

W. L. Sonntag, N.A., and Henry A. Ferguson, A.F.A., exhibited a number of paintings, in the style in which each has become well known, at the Fifth Avenue Galleries in the early part of February. Of Mr. Sonntag it may be said that he paints with a certain originality of color, and strong, dramatic effect, qualities by no means to be despised and ones by which he has held a large clientele. Mr. Ferguson, if less dexterous in his art, is more thoughtful, and strives for the character and *locale* of his landscapes. His "Glenn Falls on the Hudson," and "A Street in Orizaba, Mexico," are sufficient proof of the truthfulness of his work.

A particular survey of the Water Color Society Exhibition confirms one's earlier impressions of the attractiveness of the display, and of the fairly high average of excellence in the work shown. The Hanging Committee, Mr. Platt and Mr. McIlhenney, performed their task—an arduous one—to the satisfaction of the society as a body, and the award of the prize by the jury to Miss Sears, of Boston, a pupil of Abbot H. Thayer, was applauded by the best element of the society.

Miss Sears' picture is a dignified performance, more satisfactory perhaps in the promise it gives of the future of the painter. There are very few examples of the work of the impressionistic or "disintegrated colorists," as they might be styled. Mr. Bolton Jones and Mr. Walter Palmer have each examples in their established styles. Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson shows a dozen charming examples of his graceful art. Mr. Fraser's "Sunny Road" and Mr. Samuel Coleman's "Courtyard at Morelia" had each their admirers; Mr. Drake and Mr. Harry Fenn furnished serious work, and there were pictures of Dutch peasant life by George Wharton Edwards.

Of the marines, Mr. Bicknell's, Mr. Rehn's, Mr. Carleton Chapman's, and Mr. W. S. Robinson's pictures were fine for motion, feeling, character, and interest of subject. Mr. Herter's curious figure picture, "The Great Mystery," attracted attention, and Mr. Hassam was seen in three pictures, each characteristic of the artist and showing him at his best. Mr. Hassam is always interesting, but more from an artistic than from a story-teller's standpoint, although his story is generally well told. Mr. Earle had several of his strongly characterized figure pictures, and Miss Clara McChesney, the talented follower of Josef Israels, had serious work in the manner of her master. Some bright and clever wash drawings by Mrs. Nichols were admired, and Mr. Fowler exhibited a well-drawn head; Mr. Farny, a carefully studied picture, "A Mountain Trail," a subject which shows the veracity of Mr. Farny's observation and performance. There were other pictures, by Mr. Mente, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Alfred Fredericks, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. McCord, Mr. Van Elton, Mr. J. Francis Murphy, Mr. Cropsy, and Mr. Shurtleff, to mention only a few at hand, which were each well worthy of study and patronage.

Conflicting opinions have been and are still entertained upon the ideality of art as compared with the truth of nature—as to the meaning of the term ideal as applied to art, and of truth as applied to nature; as to whether there is, or ought to be, any other ideal of art than what is to be obtained from a faithful observation and exact copy of the truth of nature; in a word, as to whether the ideality, so often spoken of as a distinctive characteristic of the higher works of art, be anything more than a mere notional abstraction of the human understanding. The feeling which inspires and guides the imagination of the artist, and through his production is awakened again in the minds of others, contains the rule of its own expression.

Art announces very distinctly what it is, in what it does. So far as the understanding is concerned, the artist may aim to please the multitude, and he may rightly seek for patronage as a means to his end, but he must have a delight in the idea for his own sake. Closely as the artist is driven by impulse to study nature, still, it is evident that his work must proceed wholly in all its details out of himself. Nature is not as the careless mind sees it, but as the artist views it; as he absorbs it, and creates it afresh.

It is the great mystery that man has this power, but its possession is proved by the work of the great painters, sculptors, and poets. Coleridge says, in language which only a poet could use: "I seem to myself to behold, in the quiet objects on which I am gazing, more than an arbitrary illustration, more than a mere simile, the work of my own fancy."

Fifty pictures by Robert Dudley, illustrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, were presented by Cyrus W. Field to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Replacing the collection of old English pictures, owned by Henry Marquand, recently withdrawn from the Metropolitan Museum, there is a new collection of native and foreign pictures shown. There are S. R. Gifford's "Near Palermo," Plasson's "View on the Seine," Grolleron's "Soldier at Rest," Charles H. Davis' "Evening," Sanchez-Perrier's "Lagoon near Venice," "A Winter Scene in Holland" by Koek-Koek, Pasine's "Halt at the Mosque," V. M. Brown's "Raspberries," Julius Schrader's "Queen Elizabeth Signing the Death Warrant of Mary Stuart," Adolph Schreyer's "Arab Scout," Veten's "Halt of Cavaliers," Pokitonow's "Cattle in Pasture," Girard's "Rainy Day" in Paris, Jacquet's "Reverie," Preyer's "Fruit," Kennard's "Parting Kiss," David Johnson's "Monarch of the Meadows," Monchablon's "Wooded Hillside," a landscape with cattle by Verboeckhoven, Jacque's "Sheep," Gilbert Stuart's "John Parr," Edward May's copy of Couture's "Falconer," and Bol's "Portrait of a Woman."

An exhibition of twenty-seven pictures by Eugene Jettel was held at the Avery Galleries early in February.

James D. Gill, an art dealer, held an exhibition of one hundred and fifty American pictures at his gallery in Springfield, Mass.

Warren Sheppard has had one of his large pictures, "The Restless Sea," accepted by the Jury for the World's Columbian Exhibition.

John M. Falconer has an advance proof of the large photogravure from the Stuart portrait of Washington, the most satisfactory of all the known likenesses of the first President of the Republic. The plate is nearly as large as the original.

There was a fine exhibition of pictures by the Dutch painters and French impressionists at the Boussod-Valadon Gallery.

At the exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Club, a picture by Edward A. Rorke attracted much attention. It showed many of the qualities which have made Mr. Charles Ulrichs' pictures sought for. The subject was "A Pattern Maker." The figures were firmly drawn against light which streamed in from the windows, were sober and reserved in color, and vigorous in treatment, while carefully finished.

Mr. C. Harry Eaton has in his studio a fine landscape which is destined for the "Salon." Mr. Eaton is rapidly rising in his art, and his recent pictures exhibit many charming qualities of color.

Mr. Albert Herter's pretty picture in the Water Color Exhibition caused much curious comment. The picture was called the "Great Mystery," and did not explain the title, but it was very good in color.

The U. S. S. Constellation has sailed from Italy on her return trip to this country, bringing, besides works of art by American artists and sculptors studying



abroad, various objects of art loaned by the Italian Government museums for the World's Fair and copies of the Pompeiian bronzes now in the Museo Nazionale at Naples. Most of these bronzes, by the way, came from Herculaneum, and not from Pompeii, although they are generally known by the latter name. The pressure of the masses of lava has given a dark blue-green hue to the bronzes found in the ruins of Herculaneum, while those of Pompeii, which were much more exposed to moisture, are oxidized, and of a light green color.

The collection at the Museo Nazionale is finer than any other collection of bronzes of the first century. In it is the beautiful "Narcisse." Some authorities insist that it is Pan listening to Echo, of which copies were common in this country some years ago. Another of these bronzes is the Dancing Faun, which was found in the large house known as the "Casa del Fauno." This house was discovered in 1830, in the presence of Goethe's son, and it is supposed, from the great number of amphoræ found in it, that its proprietor was a liquor dealer. There is also here the equestrian statue of Nero found in the Forum of Pompeii; a portrait statue, supposed to be that of Livia, consort of Augustus; a statue of Augustus as Jupiter; numerous statuettes of gods and goddesses; and a large number of household utensils, lamps, candelabra, tools, musical and surgical instruments, weapons, and other articles of unknown use.

The Jury for Drawings in chalk, wash, charcoal, pen and ink, etc., for the World's Fair, consists of the following representative illustrators: C. S. Reinhart, chairman; C. D. Gibson, secretary; Robert Blum, W. T. Smedley, J. H. Twachtman, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote.

A syndicate, to be known as the Historic Art Association, has been formed, with a capital of \$5,000,000, for the purpose of making an exhibit of the works of American artists of note, old and new, during the World's Fair. The president of the syndicate is Philo Beard, vice-president of the Erie Bank of Buffalo, and among others interested with him in the scheme are Chauncey Depew, Andrew Carnegie, G. W. Childs, Henry G. Marquand, J. Pierpont Morgan, A. S. Webb, C. N. Bliss, Joseph Choate, John Bigelow, Horace Porter, Hamilton Fish, Oliver Ames, and C. L. Tiffany.

Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, the art manager of The Century, lectured before the students of the Academy of Design, in the library of the Academy in Twenty-third Street, on illustration, and exhibited a collection of drawings by well-known illustrators. He took his hearers abroad first, gave them a wide view of the subject, and then brought them back to the present day, and pointed out the good and bad qualities of the Pennells and Gibsons, Brennans, Castaignes, and Gauls, with which his talk was illustrated. He advised the students among his hearers to draw for a reduction of one-half, to use black ink and smooth paper for pen-and-ink work, and not to use oils on account of the reflections which are apt to interfere with the values in a photographic reproduction.

The essential qualifications of an illustrator, Mr. Fraser held, are invention and imagination, composition and drawing being, of course, important considerations. "Art is nature seen through the prism of emotion, and, no matter what the form chosen for its expression, it is the expression that counts."



In the past twenty-five years the art of illustration has been advanced by the enterprise and liberality of American publishers and the appliances of photography, which, between the years 1860 and 1870, developed the possibility of printing the drawing directly upon the block for the engraver. This advance in the method of reproduction made possible the use of gouache, water color, pencil, crayon, or charcoal, and this in turn, of course, opened the field of illustration to men who hitherto had ignored it.

"For illustration, I take it," said Mr. Fraser, "is a picture which elucidates written text, which conveys the meaning of the author, as the artist understands it, to the brain by means of the eye." Among the great illustrators he mentioned Cham, Daumier, Gavarni, Leech, Cruikshank, and in America, as second to none of these, Felix O. C. Darley. "These men," he said, "were great men and men of undying fame, but they were grudged by the critics of their day the title artist. Even now I fear this feeling toward the illustrator has not fully disappeared."

William A. Coffin, treasurer of the sub-committee in charge of the Columbian Loan Exhibition, held at the Academy of Design last October, has sent his report to Perry Belmont, chairman of the Art Committee. The total receipts were \$2,133.00 and the total expenses \$2,085.50, leaving a balance of \$47.50.

The collection of pictures at the Union League Club, although hastily gotten together by the new Art Committee, embraces, between the art of Delacroix in religious mood, and that of Heilbuth, a painter of light and airy trifles, some peculiarly interesting examples of modern art. While each painter is not seen perhaps at his best, yet the opportunity given to study Rousseau, Corot, and Delacroix, as the masters of romanticism, on the one hand, and the colder and more precise art of Gerome, or the story-teller, W. Dendy Sadler, on the other, is one for which the new committee is to be thanked. From the foregoing, it will be seen that the exhibition covers a wide range.

In the "Visit of Napoleon to the Sphinx" and "Bonaparte in Egypt," Gerome has given us two examples of his cold, formal, and faultless drawing, before which will always be found his admirers. But Delacroix, on the other hand, in the passionate feeling of his "Jesus on the Lake of Gennesaret" fires the enthusiasm of one's imagination and emotion. Corot in the beautiful "Village of Normandy," the charmingly delicate "Harvest Time" of Daubigny, and the Fontainebleau landscape by Rousseau, have an impeccable charm, which leave a decided impression on the mind. Lerolle and Jongkind, and the Americans Ochtman and the late lamented Fitz, owe their artistic value largely to their conception and feeling, while Mauve and Israels, as well as Inness, show their masterly qualities as well by their technical skill as by their qualities of temperament. The examples of Rico, Albert Lynch, the South American whose work is becoming known to our collectors, are more striking on their technical side. There are pictures by Ziem and Billotte which may be styled characteristic of the painters, but the picture which tells its story, and tells it well, is that by Mr. W. Dendy Sadler. It is a picture of three finely characterized old-fashioned gentlemen, discussing the quality of a decanter of wine, in a typical English garden. The painting is good and unobtrusive in its technical side, and the color is harmonious and entirely agreeable. Mr. Sadler's paintings are only known here by the reproduction etchings in the shops, and this picture, one of the artist's best, was highly enjoyable.

In the exhibition of the Etching Club at the Water Color Exhibition, the erst-while strong members are conspicuous by their absence: such etchers as Messrs. Bacher, Platt, Pennell, and Mrs. Moran show no work this year, but the quality of the work shown is quite high, and it may be said that there are few, if any, of the plates exhibited in the corridor at the Academy that could be rejected on the score of having been made to suit the dealer. It must be a source of satisfaction to the members who have worked so hard for the success of this exhibition, that all agree that it has been work well done. Of the very interesting things shown should be mentioned the portraits of J. Alden Wier, conscientious and virile, the landscapes of Mr. Schilling, and the street scenes of New York by Mr. Mielatz, whose Entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, while it perhaps is a trifle too literal in what it shows, yet is in the right direction, and a promise of other and stronger work to come. Of Mr. R. K. Mygatt's work the same criticism holds good, and one admires most the two little landscapes, "Study of Willows" and "Day Dream."

Mr. Reginald Coxe shows plates in which the qualities of painter etching struggle somewhat with execution, and are in the main successful. Of the women members, Miss Cassatt and Miss Blanche Dillaye show good work, each in manner adopted by the artist, and Mr. R. F. Bloodgood has a plate which has qualities attractive to the connoisseur.

Goeneutte, Legros, and Geddes, among the foreign element, show characteristic examples of their work; the latter has a charming little landscape, full of beauty and vigor. All in all, the exhibition of the Etching Club this year is a worthy one, and is fittingly celebrated in the handsome catalogue issued by the society.

There is no doubt in the minds of the zealous promoters of the Women's Department of the World's Fair that the coming exposition will mark an era in woman's work, and that the opportunities afforded her thereby to extend her fields of labor will be very great. When the proposition of a special woman's bureau was first mooted, the idea to most hard-working and successful women was not a congenial one. Many still remember the amateurish display at Philadelphia which was designated as the Woman's Department, and dreaded a similar repetition at Chicago, few with really good reputations caring thus to exhibit in that department, and preferring to take their chances in the general exposition where sex was not considered—simply merit. Nevertheless, even that crude and apparently futile exhibition had far-reaching results, and from it sprung the decorative art societies and women's exchanges which have helped so many clever women to take the first steps toward self-support. The present movement, therefore, will undoubtedly go much further in its results, and the natural prejudice which at first influenced many people against it is being gradually overcome by the general interest which has been excited in Europe, as well as in America, by large-hearted women who seek to benefit their sex.

It is now deemed advisable by the women managers of the New York Bureau of Applied Arts to hold a "preliminary exhibition of arts and handicrafts," under the management of the American Art Association, at the American Art Galleries. This exhibit is designed to call out what is good and excite universal interest among women, and will cover the following branches of art manufactures: Applied

and decorative painting; stained glass and glass mosaics; modelling and plastic ornament; designing and construction of furniture; wood-carving; picture frames, and ornamental and gilded woods; ornamented leather, paper, and other wall hangings; modern textiles and needle-wrought tapestries; modern embroideries and modern ecclesiastical embroideries; designs for gold and silver work for jewellery, for medals, and for the engraving and carving of precious and semi-precious stones, pottery, porcelains; colored, cut, or engraved glass for table or decorative use; art manufactures in iron, copper, brass, and bronze; book covers and book binding, book marks, and modern hand-made lace. The field, as will be seen, is a very wide one, and it is from this exhibition that the best specimens of the work of women will be selected to constitute the loan collection of the Bureau of Applied Arts, which will be exhibited in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair at Chicago.

The announcement was made some time ago, and created no little interest, of the invention of a tool by which sculptors and others engaged in the carving of marble, stone, or granite, could dispense with much of their slow and laborious handwork. The details of this mechanism, as recently given, show that it is worked by two or three cells of storage battery, giving four to six volts and eight to ten amperes of current. The device weighs about six pounds, and is provided with a plunger, the rapidity of stroke being regulated by a button on the side of the tool; the stroke can also be made to vary from one-eighth of an inch to one inch, at a speed varying from three hundred to six hundred strokes per minute.

Instead of having to strike the tool itself, the operator needs only to guide its movements, and is thus able not only to accomplish the work much more rapidly, but to give greater attention to the working out of the design. Although six pounds is the heaviest tool thus far constructed, it is claimed that the principle of the machine can be widely extended and applied to very many purposes, from the most delicate sculpture to the heaviest of granite drilling and mining; it is found particularly useful for the carving of letters and similar work, where it is necessary to follow accurately straight or curved lines.

April 17th is the date fixed for the opening of the XVth Exhibition of the Society of American Artists. This will be the first exhibition of the society in its permanent home in the Fine Arts Society Building.

A Memorial Exhibition of the pictures, for the late J. Foxcroft Cole, was opened at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in January and closed in February. Mr. Cole was a painter of much merit, a pupil of Lambinet, and his work was strongly personal.

At Reichard's Gallery, Winslow Homer showed seven pictures destined for the Chicago Exposition. They include some of his oils of hunting scenes in the Adirondack woods, fishermen in their dories, and coast scenes; among the latter was the well-known "Sailors Take Warning," with its red sun, which somehow seems out of key. Even with their characteristic defects they are interesting, sincere, and of value to the student and picture lover.

Mr. Bicknell, a painter whose work is rapidly improving in quality, the quality that painters applaud, showed a study of sunlit surf at Macbeth's.

Eugene Jettel is a landscapist of Austria, trained there and in France, and working mainly, we believe, in the latter country. A score or so of his paintings,

at the Avery Gallery, will make him more familiar to American amateurs. They are accompanied by a note, printed in the catalogue, which in a very sanguine manner hints that Jettel is the peer of Cazin and Mauve. To the impartial reviewer it may be permitted to doubt this. Painting in a light key, depicting the fresh greens of rich meadow land and the transparent surfaces of still streams and ponds, Jettel obtains artistic effects, with a delicate kind of beauty in them. Some of the French landscapes in this collection—Nos. 6, 11, and 16, to mention those that seem to be the best—are truthfully done and are original in style. They have atmosphere, moreover. The newcomer—for although one or two of his paintings have been brought to this country before, he is a newcomer—is a colorist and brushman of undoubted merit.

The Sixty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the public on Monday, March 27th, and close on Saturday, May 13th.

The Third Annual Exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia opened to the public an important exhibition of works in oil, water color, and pastel, early in March.

Brother Mauerlain, secretary of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, has written to the Catholic clergy at Milwaukee, asking their assistance in securing the banishment of nude pictures and statuary from the Fair.

The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists will open on April 17th at the new Fine Arts Society's building. Blanks should be obtained of the secretary.

Perhaps the most important, and certainly one of the most interesting, pictures in the collection which Mr. Robert J. Wickenden placed on view at the American Art Galleries is the beautiful "Moonrise in the Valley of the Oise," by the elder Daubigny, in which the long, narrow picture is exquisitely lighted by a misty moon near the centre of the composition. One remarks the curious outlines of the masses of trees, which at a distance has considerable value, and lends an air of truth to the foliage as seen in moonlight, while the thin color is in some places simply "washed" on the canvas with the medium. Other pictures by C. F. Daubigny are "Study of a Vineyard," in which the handling is entirely different, "The Sportsman," and a strong "Study of Sheep."

By Karl Daubigny, "On the Banks of the Oise," fine in quality and airy in composition; "Storm off Trouville," and the "Beach at Tréport."

Of the work of Corot there are seven examples, of which several are in his earlier manner, notably the "Vatican Gardens," and the "Bather," a nude study of a woman sitting beside a pool with the light coming from the back over her shoulder, which fairly gleams with color. Perhaps the best of the Corots is the "Paris near Meudon," a charmingly lit landscape, with a heavy cloud hanging above the city, which is in sunlight, against the masses of green and gray. His "The Banks of the Marne" is a long, narrow panel, painted as a decoration for a door. Of the four Rousseaus "The Plain of Barbizon at Twilight" is a charming example, and his "Windmills at Sunset" represents two ruined mills strongly drawn against a glowing sky. There are examples—fair ones, too—of Jacquet, Diaz, De-

campes, Michel, Troyon, Géricault, Courbet, Delacroix, Dupré, Delaroche, and Millet, and caricatures in color by the eccentric Daumier; Ary Scheffer's interesting, if somewhat black, "Head of Christ"; Boulanger's "Portrait of Georges Sand in her Youth," the face strong and intellectual; Chaplin's "Real and the Ideal"; a large canvas by Doré, "Combat of the Gauls and the Romans," interesting in composition, and, one may say, fine in color scheme. There is a fine "Autumn Landscape," by Troyon, in his usual manner, low in tone and rich in subdued color; a "Forest Interior at Fontainebleau in Springtime," by Diaz; Delacroix's "Foraging under Difficulties," a fine example of his power of technique and color sense; an "Alpine Torrent," by Courbet, rugged and painted entirely with the palette-knife.

The Millet is not a very interesting one, being simply a sketch of a house and garden. Of value, as a study, to the student are the fine drawings in crayon, pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink, in the gallery upstairs. Mr. Wickenden, who made the collection, is himself a painter, and upon the death of Rousseau succeeded to his studio, and therefore was enabled to secure some of his valuable sketches. Mr. Wickenden's notes in the catalogue evidence his love for the pictures, and his real regret at having to part with them. Among the interesting drawings are examples of Millet, of few lines, but masterly knowledge and expression.

Mr. Walter Richmond has also gathered together some fine pictures by the men of 1830, as well as good examples of the work of other European painters of lesser fame.

The collection comprises pictures by Troyon, Bonheur, Dupré, Isabey, Corot, Courbet, Daubigny, Rousseau, Millet, Géricault, Jacquet, Verboeckhoven, Schreyer, Vernet, Bouguereau, Fortuny, Greuze, Munkacsy, Boulanger, Domingo, Ziem, and many other well-known names.

One must mention the beautiful "Twilight" and the magnificent and glowing "Sunset after a Storm," by Daubigny and Rousseau, respectively, and Millet's "Sower" and "A Churner," purchased from Mme. Millet. The "Arab Fantasia," by Fortuny, is a fine, dashing, colorful piece of work—one of the prizes of the collection.

Of the Americans, only W. M. Hunt, Bierstadt, and De Haas are represented, but each characteristically. The Bierstadt shows a herd of cattle drinking at a stream in a landscape gilded by the haze of sunset.

Of the eighty pictures shown at the last oil exhibition of the Salmagundi Club there were some which represented not unworthily the work of the strong men of the club. Mr. Levy's "Young Italian Girl" was good both in color and drawing, and Mr. Musgrave's "In the Height of the Season," representing a crowded ball-room, if it was not entirely satisfactory, was some of his most serious work. Mr. Whittemore's picture of a pretty girl was not below his level, and there was a large, richly toned canvas by Mr. McCord, entitled "On the Devonshire Coast." Mr. Marshall's "Hackensack Valley" was an ambitious venture, commendable in some respects; and there were characteristic pictures by other well-known men, such as Mr. Champney, Mr. Drake, Mr. Rehn, Mr. De Cost Smith, Mr. Carleton Chapman, Mr. Birney, and Mr. Dolph.

Mr. J. Harrison Mills sent a medallion and a portrait bust in plaster, and Mr. J. Scott Hartley, the sculptor, was also represented by a portrait.

The exhibition was pleasantly inaugurated by a "stag" party on Saturday evening, February 18th, and closed the following Wednesday.

In the work of Evart Van Muyden, which Frederick Keppel introduces at his gallery, one discovers a new man of great power of draughtsmanship and knowledge of animal life: if one is reminded of Barye, in looking at some of Van Muyden's plates or water colors, the reminder is only a fleeting one, and is overcome by personal quality which appears in the work of the younger aspirant. Mr. Van Muyden draws like a painter and paints like an etcher; that is to say, his draughtsmanship is full of the appreciation of the quality of mass, while his color work is less virile, more tentative. Unlike his predecessor, the late August Lançon, or the great Landseer, Van Muyden does not seek for facial or human expression in his animals, and in this lies no small part of the success of his accomplishment: his animals, one feels, are true to nature. His hand seems to be a sure one, and his plates to be made on the spur of the moment with little after alteration. One admires some of the sketches, in which he shows his ability to digest, so to speak, his subjects, and to give only the essentials in mass and line. Mr. Van Muyden's plates will prove a decided acquisition to the cabinets of our collectors.

The Forty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Boston Art Club will open to the public on April 7th and close April 29th. Blanks may be procured of the secretary, Thomas Allen, at the club. Contributions from New York artists will be called for, shipped, and returned free of expense to contributors by the club agents.

Mr. Leonard Ochtman, a sincere and talented artist, who interprets with pleasing truth certain phases of nature, gave an exhibition of new work at the Avery Gallery in February. Mr. Ochtman shows increased power in his handling of color, and his landscapes in this exhibition leave a more vivid and individual impression upon one's mind than those that he showed a year ago. Mr. Ochtman's errors are those of omission, rather than commission, in that he generalizes too much, but the exhibition as a whole shows a capable and meritorious artist at his best.

Sculptors J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens, and C. D. French have been appointed by Park Commissioner Gray to pass upon statuary which in future shall be offered to the city, destined to be placed in the public parks and squares. These men represent the best art feeling of the country, and their appointment is a matter of congratulation. New York has long been a sufferer from bad sculpture, and it is to be hoped that the monstrosities now in the parks and other public places may soon be removed.

The Russian painter Markowsky is on his way to America. Mr. Markowsky will take a studio in this city in order to execute various orders for portraits. This artist is perhaps best known here for his large picture of the "Russian Wedding."

In the collection of etchings and engravings which Dr. L. R. Koecker, of Philadelphia, arranged for sale at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms, were to be found several hundred proof impressions. There were a few good old prints, and a miscellaneous lot of examples of the painter etchers of to-day, such as Winslow Homer, P. Moran, Waltner, Charles Platt, and his master, Stephen Parrish. Among



the old engravers were plates by Hogarth, Morghen, Bartolozzi, Raphael, and Boucher. There was also a plate called "Ariadne," by A. B. Durand, after Vanderlyn, the earliest American engraver.

There were some good and interesting pictures to be found in the collection which Mr. Henry M. Johnston, of Brooklyn, placed on view at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, and the works were fairly representative of the names in the catalogue. Perhaps the most conspicuous canvas was Bouguereau's "Literature and Art," painted to order for a well-known Baltimorean, and not very satisfactory. But there were delightful pictures by Jacques, whose "Watering Sheep at Night" is one of the most beautiful ever seen in New York. Two fine Delacroix, "Tiger and Serpent" and "The Combat"; three by Corot; three by Dupré, among them the fine "Oak by the River"; a couple by Monticelli, a Diaz, and Breton's "The Tired Reaper" and "A Summer Day"; a fine Rousseau, "The Outskirts of Barbizon"; and examples of Jongkind, Boldini, Isabey, Domingo, Clays, Monet, Inness, Rico, Ziem, Troyon, Van Marke, Daubigny, Zamacois, Courbet, and Dècamps, to mention only a few.

An opportunity to study what may be styled the gem of all the Old Masters now in America, the so-called "Gilder" of Rembrandt Van Rhyne, and undoubtedly one of the best portraits, from a purely artistic standpoint, ever painted, is afforded by the Loan Exhibition at the New Fine Arts Gallery in West 57th Street. The picture is marvellous for character and beauty of handling, and is surrounded by appreciative connoisseurs whenever Mr. H. O. Havemeyer can be induced to loan it. There are other "Old Masters" loaned by Mr. Havemeyer, such as the fine Peter de Hooghe, or Hooche as it is sometimes spelt, and the portrait of "An Old Woman," as well as portraits of "Burgomaster Six" and his wife, loaned by Mr. Morris K. Jessup.

There are also the interesting portraits by Gilbert Stuart and Copley, the Gainsboroughs, old Cromes, Turners, Constables, Cotmans, and a half-dozen pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, chiefly of historical interest. The early Italian painters, such as Rubens, Bellini, Velasquez, and Baroccio are represented in this collection, the study of which may be regarded in the light of a liberal education in the art of the noblest of the Old Masters.

The Dutch school of painting, of which we are soon to see some representative masterpieces, is celebrated for its truth in the representation of common life. People love to see even the most common objects, which as real they would scarcely notice, truthfully represented in painting. These are they who extol the barn door with its nails, and the violin-hanging-on-the-wall sort of painting, but this is simply a step in the wrong direction. Who would deny, for example, that the jewels which seem to sparkle in some pictures contribute something to the whole impression? But what are they to the immeasurable fulness of expression contained in the portraits by the Dutch masters?

"Nature herself," says Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Discourse III., "is not to be too closely copied." A mere copyist of nature can never produce anything great, or raise or warm the conceptions of the spectator. It is not the eye, but the mind, that the great painter desires to address. At the same time, it is absolutely necessary, in a true work of art, that it should not merely *appear*, but *be* natural.



In nature we see no appearance of restraint, and there must seem to be none in art. There must be no confinement to outward and mechanical rules at all. It is upon this impression of freedom in the producing power that the pleasure we derive from contemplating great works of art mainly depends. A careless sketch by a great master may show the freedom of his touch, like, for example, that gigantic hand which Michael Angelo is said to have drawn with a piece of coal on the wall where Raphael was painting, and which awakened in the latter a consciousness of a higher power than he had as yet shown. But how much previous toil and labor that slight sketch presupposed. It stands there still, though it was the work of but a moment, pointing at Raphael's unfinished painting.

Rules and systems are the fetters of art; where they exist, there art is not. It is from the observance of such rules that mannerism is born. A man of power produces something great, and to him flocks the horde of students to study his work, adding to the harvest of mere imitators, and in the end generally accomplishing nothing. The productive power does not depend on instruction from without. True, a man should, so to speak, learn his trade—that is to say, should learn the use of his materials; but genius is a power to produce that for the production of which it is impossible to lay down any law, positive precepts, or rules of working.

The exhibition of the Doré scriptural pictures at the Carnegie Music Hall has been successful as far as attendance is concerned. These pictures are not to be considered as great works of art in any sense, but yet people of intelligence will speak of them with bated breath; they are of the sort which are to be shown with crimson hangings and all the trappings of the theatre. Doré was not a great painter, and his figures were not drawn from nature, more is the pity, for had he observed the model carefully he might have achieved more than the *succes d'exécution* which fell to his lot among the artists of France. Literary quality of a certain sort there is in the pictures; but this does not compensate for the bad drawing and poor color. Doré said ere he died, "All, all would I give for one word of praise from France." But France withheld that one word from him, while England thronged the gallery in Bond Street, London, for years. *Succes d'estime* was not for Doré as far as France was concerned, and he died a broken-hearted man. The pictures, we understand, are to go to Chicago, where they are to be exhibited during the period of the World's Fair. Doubtless they will there have some of the success they enjoyed in London, for the stamp of approval, the hall mark, as it were, of England must perforce carry weight with those who are ignorant of the principles of art. One of the best of the Doré pictures, as we remember them, is the "Solitude," in which there is a decided atmosphere and feeling, which is sadly hampered by the color.

It is understood that the difficulty between the older painters and the New York Jury of the World's Columbian Exposition has been, in a measure, settled by the acceptance of several pictures which were considered objectionable at the first selection. One hopes for the sake of all concerned that this is true, for the older painters represent a distinct place in the art achievement of the country, whatever it may be, and thus they deserve a place in the exhibition. It may be said of these painters of the old school that in many cases they have forgotten more than some of the younger brethren, who criticise them so severely, have yet learned; at

any rate, their position in the history of the country is a most honorable and respectable one, and it is a matter of congratulation to all concerned that the difficulty has been definitely settled.

Since the purchase of his pictures by the French Government, Whistler has turned his back upon England, although the price paid was low—only \$300; yet the honor is one which is greatly coveted by contemporaneous painters. Whistler is a unique figure in art, and will doubtless cut quite a figure in the salons of New York and Chicago. He has perhaps given up the practice of his gentle art of making enemies, now that it profits him nothing, for he is cordially disliked by the great ones of London, and at the same time venerated by the artists. In all respects Whistler is the greatest painter that America has produced, and it is time that he turned his face toward the land that gave him birth.

Early in March Mr. C. D. Gibson, the talented society illustrator, placed on exhibition, at the gallery of Sanchez and Miller, in the neighborhood of fifty drawings in his favorite medium. These drawings represent society people, with whom New Yorkers are more or less familiar, in various graceful compositions which have adorned the pages of *Life*. Mr. Gibson shows marked improvement in his art, his figures are more easy in pose, and his technic is less "teased," to use a studio expression, than was the case in his work of a year ago. It may be said truly that Mr. Gibson has only a few types in his range of characters, but these are in the main satisfactory. His Bishop Gullum, which may or may not be a caricature of a well-known personage, is getting rather monotonous, but he is largely in evidence. Mr. Gibson has of late added a few new types to his collection in the series of "tough" sketches of the lower walks of life, but it is in the drawings of the *haut ton* that he is eminently successful, and distinctly humorous. In his technic Mr. Gibson may be said to have founded a school, and, taken all in all, it is one that we could illy spare.

Mr. Alfred Parsons, who is an English artist and one of the Broadway (England) colony which numbers Edwin A. Abbey among its members, has just returned from Japan, where he has been painting flowers, but Mr. Parsons has not been painting after the accepted standards. He has made some most careful and elaborate studies of the *flora* around and about old *Fuji-ama*, and the result of his labor was shown at the American Art Galleries early in March, for a period of ten days. Among the hundred drawings shown, were a few which were something of a revelation to those who look down upon the art of the flower painter, and Mr. Parsons can be well content to rest his fame upon the work he has shown here in this exhibition. They are not flower-pieces in the conventional sense of the term; they are something more, and they give one a new and well-defined idea of the beauties of the gardens, the hills covered with cherry bloom, and the placid lakes embowered in blossoms of tender quality. He shows us the lily fields, the brilliant iris, and azalea, the tangled arms of the giant wistaria, and fields that seem a veritable pink sea, so covered are they with a sort of misty bloom. Then there were some delicate studies of blushing plum-trees, enveloped in a tender atmosphere of purple. Doubtless our connoisseurs have acquired a number of these fascinating drawings, which will be taken to England for exhibition. It is said that the Royal Uyeno Park Museum of Tokyo has already purchased a number of Mr. Parsons' drawings.

